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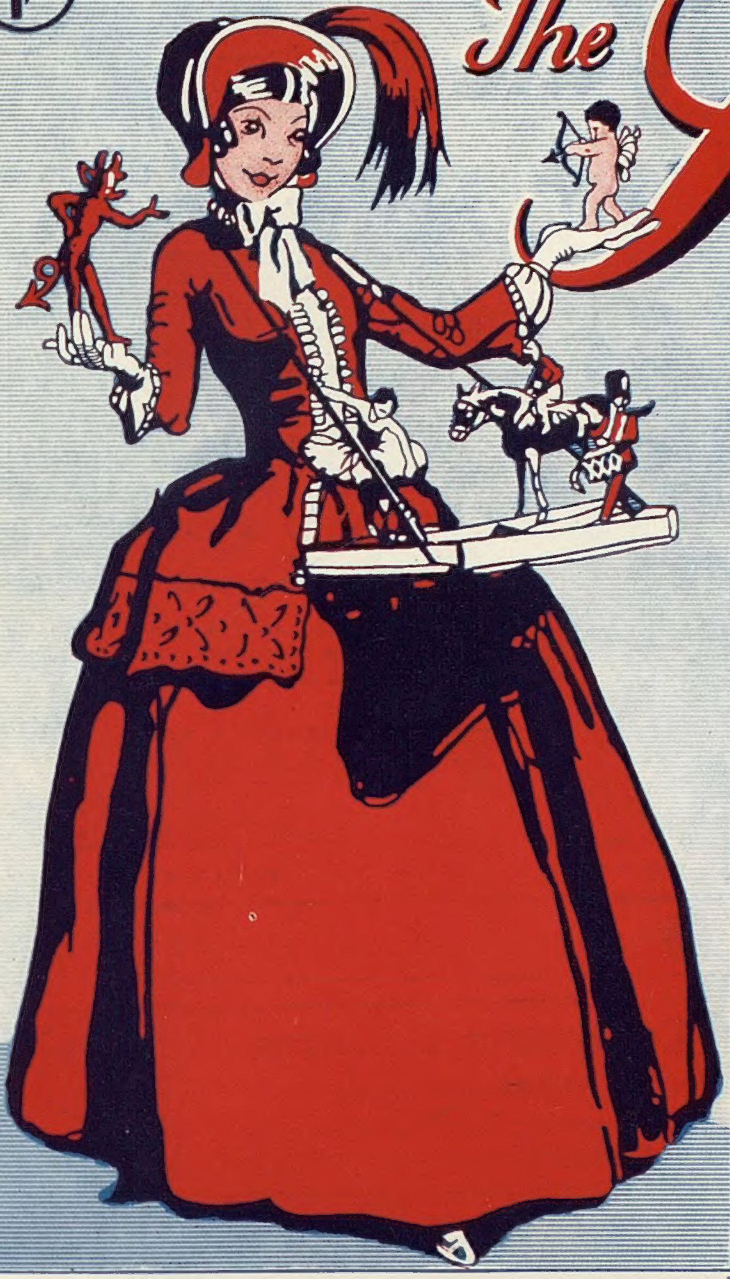
The Sketch



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3·4

The Sketch

No. 2143.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

THE GARBO FIGUREHEAD:
"QUEEN CHRISTINA."

MISS GRETA GARBO'S "QUEEN CHRISTINA," the spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture based on the life of the Swedish Pallas of the seventeenth century, was produced at the Empire on Friday last. The Garbo is the figurehead of the picture; so this "still" of her may be considered symbolic.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A FEW WORDS.

IN a newspaper competition the other day a prize was offered for selecting "two words in the language which you most dislike," or, more briefly, the two "most loathsome" words in the English language. I did not see the result of the competition, and I do not envy the task of the judges, for there is a wide range of choice. Certain "sitters" must be excluded as too easy. Thus a good many competitors, I doubt not, would say without hesitation that "Account rendered" were the two words which they disliked more than any others. "Sweetly pretty" would get a good many votes, and "perfectly lovely" would have a large following.

Personally, I should find it difficult to choose my prize *bêtes noires* among words, but there are a good many which cause me sensations of fury. Inconsistently—and we are all inconsistent in these matters—I have just used one of the expressions which I deprecate, when I wrote "Personally, I should find it difficult." Why "personally"? Why introduce an unimportant opinion or statement with such pomposity? There are people who can hardly give utterance to the most commonplace remark without a preliminary "personally." "Personally, I should like a cup of tea." "Personally, I feel hot or cold or dry or damp." And when they do not state things "personally," they state them "incidentally." Everything that comes to their minds or their lips seems to come "incidentally"—though incidentally to what they never vouchsafe to explain.

Good, mouth-filling adjectives are very irritating (or "aggravating," as the enemies of English would say) when debased to trivial uses. Many years ago, Mr. Kipling wrote the sonorous line: "Lord of our far-flung battle-line." Now, there was an adjective which conveyed a vivid picture to the mind. It is a pity that Mr. Kipling did not take out a patent for it. One can hardly open a newspaper nowadays without observing that some trumpery thing or other is "far-flung." If the junior reporter were describing a clothes-line, instead of a battle-line, he would undoubtedly call it "far-flung." There is hardly anything covering any appreciable portion of space which the Press has not made "far-flung." It must break a poet's heart to see his heaven-sent epithets prostituted like this.

I do not know what writer on cricket first described a bowler as "great-hearted." Bunyan had a Greatheart, but he was not a bowler, so far as I remember, and I think it must have been some more recent sporting writer who coined the expression. Whoever he was, he numbers among his disciples practically every modern commentator on our national game. There is now scarcely a single good bowler in first-class cricket who is not great-hearted, except that, for the sake of variety, there is one every now and then who is lion-hearted. Well, it is doubtless better to be lion-hearted than pigeon-chested, but I wish all these skilled performers with the ball—a class of men for whom I have a profound respect—did not show such uniform hypertrophy of a vital organ. I suppose it is one of these industrial diseases.

The Latin language has its uses, both in youth and later, but there is nothing more detestable than the tendency, derived from America, to "—ate" everything. In America, nobody ever has a motive; people who you might think, at first sight, had motives, are, when you understand them better, motivated by things which are called motivations. Those who are not motivated are generally activated. Another amusing way of torturing harmless, helpless words is to "—ise" them. I was interested to observe that, after the great Body-Line Controversy had spent itself, the Australian Board of Control declared that the negotiations were "finalised." This would, I think, get my vote as the most loathsome word I had ever encountered, if I had not had the misfortune to see, in more than one American publication, the remarkable word "factualise." This ought to be a strong runner in any competition of loathsome words.

One could wish that these ingenious variations upon the Latin and the English tongue remained in the country of their origin. They begin to invade us, however. Already things are constantly "eventuating" in our newspapers, and "viewpoints" prevail more and more. If there is one word more dear than another to the American journalist, it is the word "colourful" (or, in the original, "colorful"). No doubt things may, in their proper place and circumstances, be colourful; but when every second column contains something colourful, one begins to suspect that the make-up is being laid on rather thick. I regret to observe that this adjective is taking possession of English journalists almost as powerfully as the word (used adjectivally) "mystery." I observe also that nothing can have any effect which is not a "repercussion": thus, if you throw a stone into the water, the "repercussion" (or, sometimes, the "reaction") is that it sinks.

I have an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of the simple words "yes" and "no." It is extraordinary how unpopular they are. There are thousands of people all over the world who can never bring themselves to say "yes"; in America they say "yeah," "yup," "uh-huh," or "you betcha!"; in Australia they say "My oath!" or "Too right!"; and in England they say "Absolutely!" or "Definitely!" If a young man asks a young woman nowadays to marry him, she replies, "Definitely, darling!"; and I am told they are now introducing "Absolutely!" into the marriage service instead of "I will." However, none of these expressions is quite as bad as "That 's right." There is only one person worse than the That 's Righter, and that is the scribbler who can never begin a sentence without an "as regards." As regards such a person, I consider that he is ignorant as regards grammar, and a vandal as regards English.

"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.

Familiarity with our Special Prints increases the enthusiasm for them! We began this series of our film favourites printed by an entirely new method with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Madeleine Carroll and Jessie Matthews. This week we give a study of Miss Elisabeth Bergner, and next week we shall publish one of

MISS MIRIAM HOPKINS.

We advise all readers interested in this novel and attractive form of portraiture in which such an extraordinary effect is obtained, to place their orders with their newsagents without delay, to ensure that they shall not miss any one of this series of Presentation Plates.

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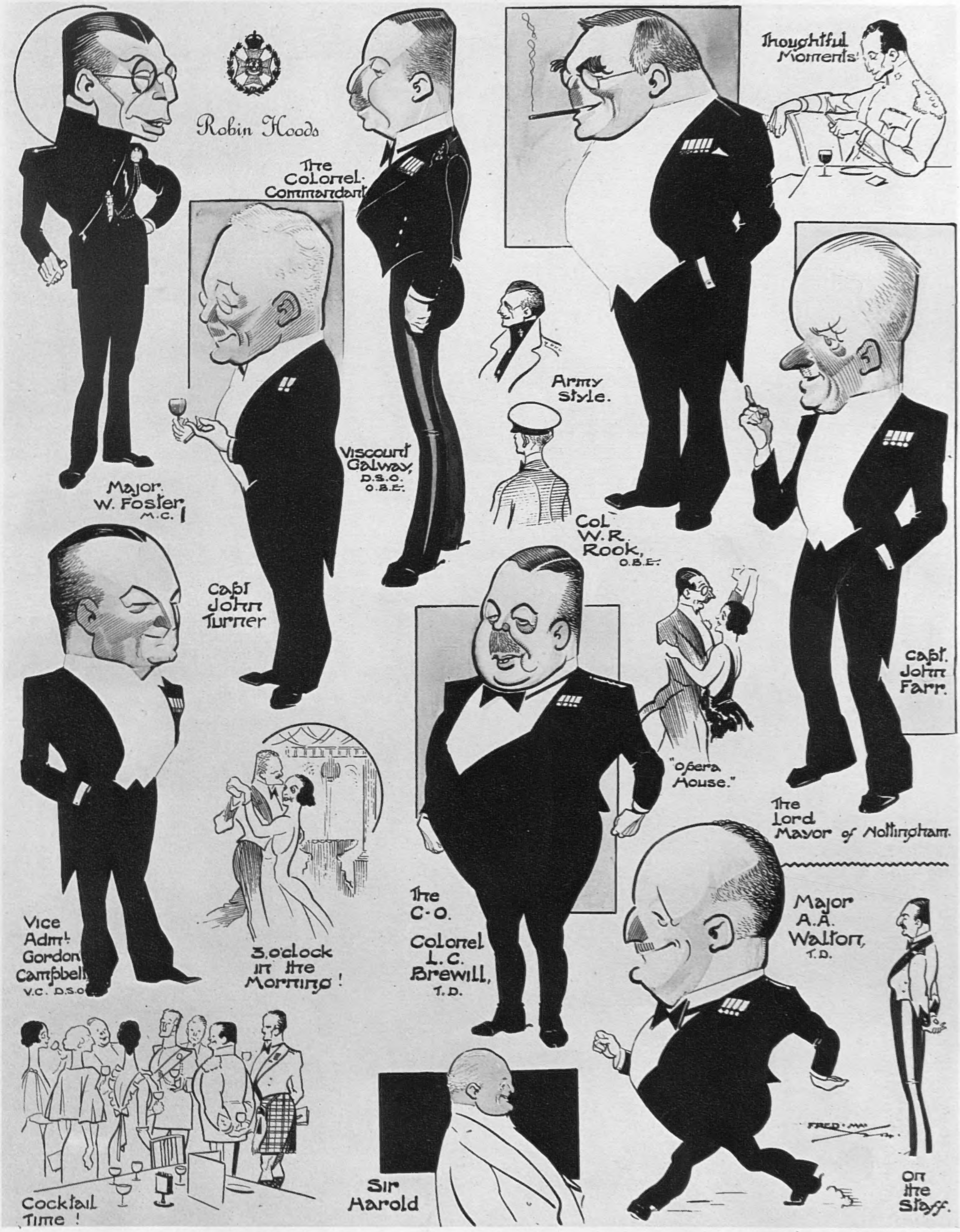
DRAWN BY MACBEA.

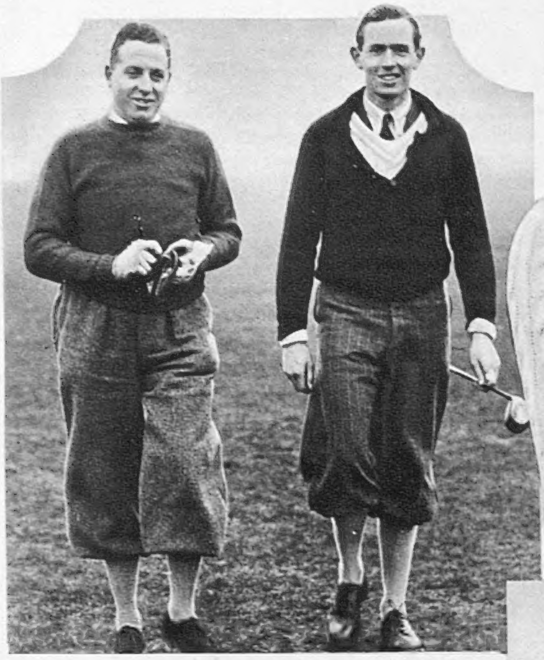


CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE ROBIN HOODS' BALL—WITH SIX BANDS AND 900 GUESTS!

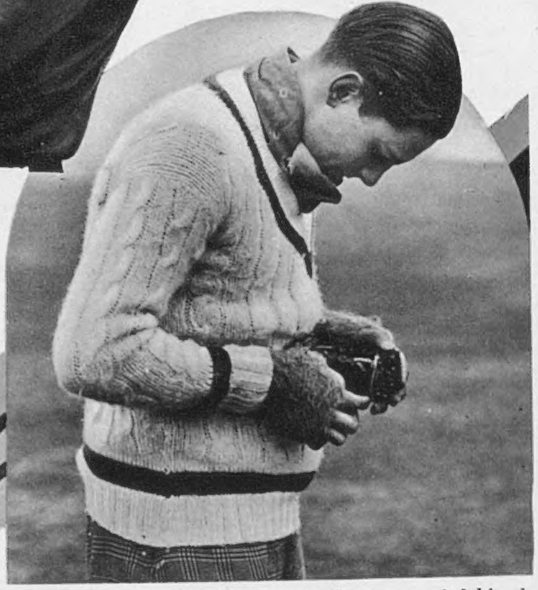
Fred May went ball-dancing last week at Nottingham and recorded one of the jolliest evenings of his life in this page of caricatures of the ROBIN HOODS' ANNUAL BALL at the Palais de Danse, Nottingham. The Robin Hoods are otherwise known as the 7th Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters. It is eight years since their annual ball was inaugurated by Major A. A. Walton. This year the record number of nine hundred guests assembled, including the "Mystery V.C.," Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., M.P. Dancing continued until 3 a.m., after which there was a breakfast dance in the supper-room until 5 a.m. The six bands included the Robin Hoods' Band.

CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS WIN AGAIN.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLFERS maintained their improved form at Richmond when they defeated a ROYAL MID-SURREY side. MR. G. R. A. JAMIESON (Magdalene), the Cambridge Captain (right), is with MR. R. S. MAYS-SMITH (R.M.-S.).

MR. W. E. CARR (Trinity; left) is getting a finger strapped up by MR. R. H. R. McGILL, (Trinity Hall).



MR. J. S. L. LYON (Trinity Hall) occupied his time taking snapshots when waiting to play. He beat Mr. C. Wood in the singles, and won the foursome contest, with Mr. P. W. Marsham as his partner.

MR. P. W. MARSHAM (Trinity) is deep in conversation with MR. J. G. GIRDWOOD (R.M.-S.; right). Mr. Marsham played with Mr. Lyon and won their foursome match.

MR. A. C. POPE (R.M.-S.), who played with Mr. C. Wood, won the foursome match against MR. M. R. GARDNER (Pembroke) and Mr. Law.

MR. CLIVE CASTLE and SIR SHIRLEY WORTHINGTON-EVANS, BT. (R.M.-S.; left) are with MR. W. F. ELLIS (Trinity) and MR. R. I. BECK (Jesus).

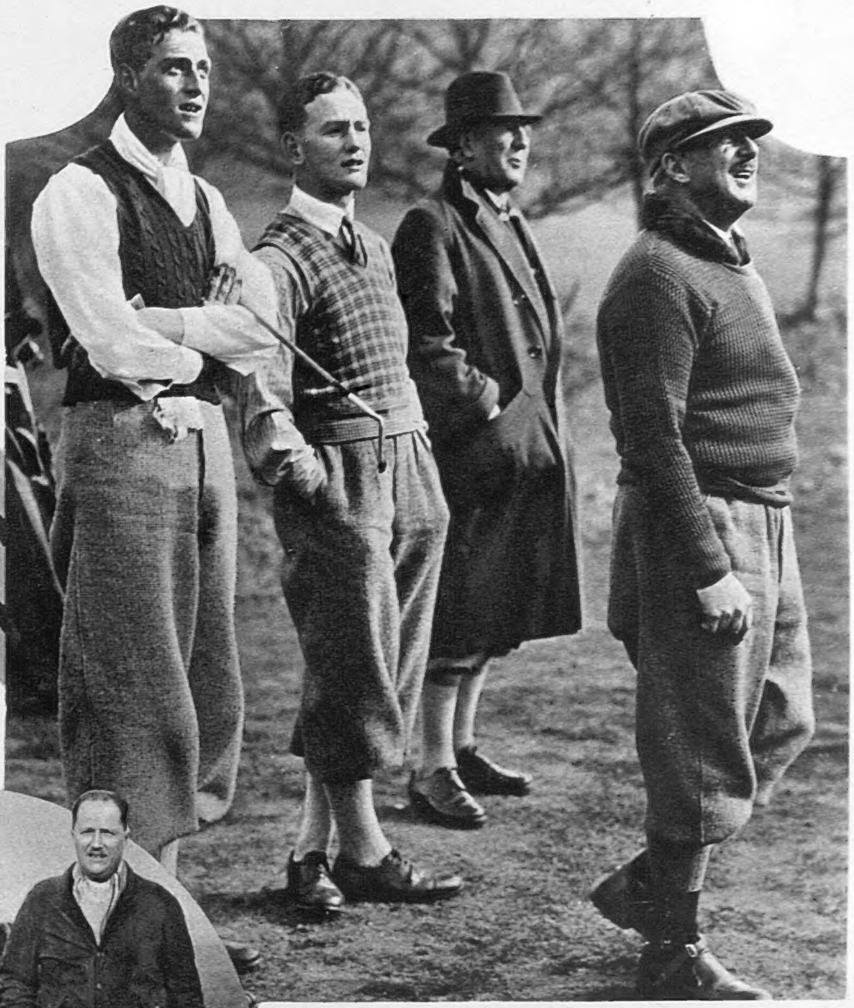
MR. C. D. GRAY (R.M.-S.) and his partner, Mr. W. C. Carr (R.M.-S.) beat MR. J. S. ROWELL (Clare; right) and his partner, Mr. P. B. M. Wallace (Cambridge) in the foursomes. They are walking to the sixth.

MR. C. WOOD (R.M.-S.; left) played with Mr. Pope in the foursomes and beat MR. T. F. B. LAW (Pembroke) and his partner, Mr. Gardner.

MR. D. A. DRAYSON (R.M.-S.; left) and MR. H. C. NEILSON (Clare) were snapped when waiting at the sixth hole during the foursomes.

OXFORD GOLFERS BEAT THE ARMY.

MR. H. S. MITCHELL, the Army Champion, was defeated in the singles by Mr. K. A. S. Morrice (Magdalen). In the foursomes, with Captain Giles, he met MR. R. G. DE QUINCEY (Trinity) and Mr. Pennink, and lost.

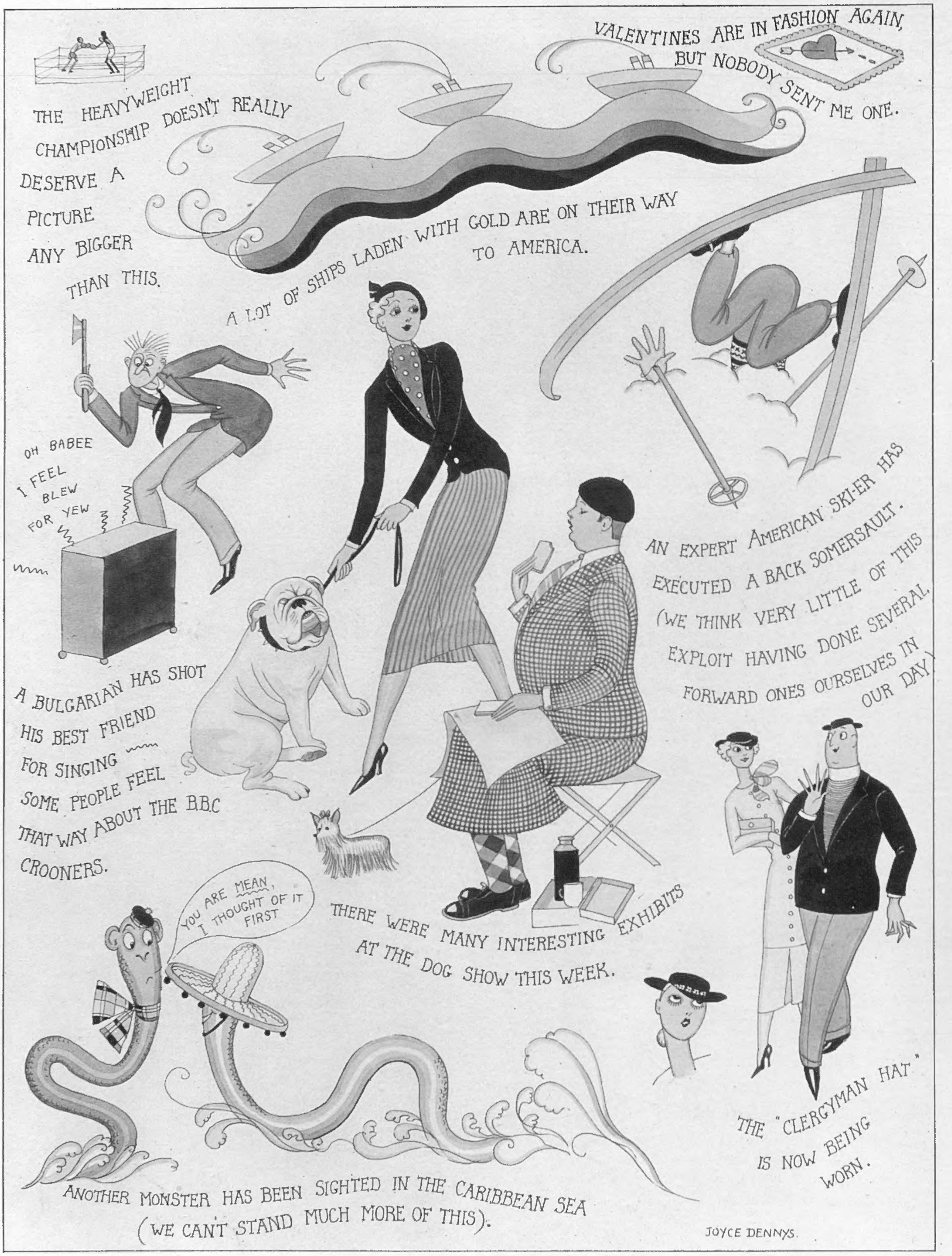


The OXFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM beat the ARMY GOLFING SOCIETY at West Hill by seven matches to five. This quartet—all with eyes fixed on the flight of a ball—consists of MR. J. G. HANSON-LAWSON (University), MR. C. W. N. PLANT (Balliol), MR. BUTLER (Secretary of the West Hill Golf Club), and MAJOR SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT. (Army Golfing Society), the writer of our weekly golf article, "Following Through." Mr. Hanson-Lawson and Mr. Plant won their foursome against Sir Guy and Captain G. A. Moxon.

MR. J. J. F. PENNINK (Magdalen) played with Mr. de Quincey against CAPTAIN A. C. GILES and Mr. H. S. Mitchell, whom they beat. Captain Giles beat Mr. Mitchell-Innes in the singles, completing the course in level fours, which meant brilliant golf.

MAJOR S. K. THORBURN and CAPTAIN C. G. STEVENS won their foursome match against MR. K. A. S. MORRICE (Magdalen) and MR. A. A. DUNCAN (Balliol) by one hole.

MAJOR C. W. WALLACE (centre) played with MR. P. D. MILLER against Mr. Mitchell-Innes and Mr. Hargreave, and lost to them. Mr. Miller won his single against Mr. de Quincey.



"THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Last week we published the first of our special Reviews of the Week, designed to help our readers to keep well in the movement. Here is the second, which recalls the salient points of life during the last seven days, as seen through the humorous eyes of our artist.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

A PEER WHO NEEDLEWORKS IN THE TRAIN; AND OTHER EXPERTS IN PETIT - POINT.

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1. *MR. ERNEST THESIGER, the distinguished actor, is a petit-point enthusiast. At the moment he's rehearsing for "The Golden Toy," which is to be produced at the London Coliseum, on February 28, by Ludwig Berger for Sir Oswald Stoll.*
2. *LADY CECILIE GOFF, sister of the Earl of Ancaster, is another notable worker. She is trying to get as much light as possible at the window of her Pont Street house.*
3. *LADY HYLTON, Chairman of the Exhibition of English Needlework, is herself an expert.*
4. *LORD GAINFORD, P.C., first Baron, is a celebrated needleman whose beautiful work has often been exhibited. He lives in Yorkshire, but comes up to London frequently and always does needlework during the journey. No doubt he is much interested in the Exhibition of English Needlework, Past and Present, in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, which has just opened at 15, Portman Square.*

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LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S SQUASH TEAM spent a week-end at Bath, and defeated the Bath Ladies' Team, captained by Miss F. B. Cook. The team and their hosts went to the Pump Room supper dance on the Saturday night. They are here seen looking down at the famous hot springs.

LIEUT. DESMOND DREYER, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Frederic Dreyer, Commander-in-Chief, China Station, and Lady Dreyer, married MISS ELIZABETH CHILTON, elder daughter of Sir Henry Chilton, H.M. Ambassador to the Argentine Republic, and Lady Chilton, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

MONTE CARLO'S RETURN TO THE GOLD STANDARD has roused tremendous interest, and the picturesque and "glamorous" side of play at the International Sporting Club is greatly increased by it. The gold coins used are American five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar pieces, and English sovereigns; but Monegasque coins similar to those in use before the war will soon be provided.

THE returning traveller always feels he has missed this and that—a first-night at which, owing to the dearth of celebrities, his photograph would have been taken—if not published; a race on which he would have made a fortune; an heiress who would have fallen for his first wisecrack, but has now left for Palm Beach; a scandal of fantastic proportions in which his rôle would have been that of central *confidant*, dignified but well-beloved. In short, his ship would have come home if only he had stayed at home, instead of spraining muscles and over-spending in Central Europe. Meantime this ship, this accursèd Channel steamer, is beginning to heave. Lady (Malcolm) Campbell has gone below in her "crushed pink three-piece," but Colonel Colin Defries remains on the bridge beside the Captain—so gallant. Braver still is Mrs. Nigel Norman, striving to amuse three sons under six; while the young Alan McLeods calculate they have invited three times too many people to their house-warming party. Judging by a subsequent traffic-block in Pelham Place, this forecast was correct.

Once at Folkestone, we 're relieved to see the evening papers. "Can't have missed much, after all," is the reaction. It even seems possible that friends will listen attentively when we enlarge on the European political situation, instead of demanding: "What DID happen in the Palace Bar?" Yes, at Folkestone, it seems possible that human nature has changed in six weeks; so much so that in the train we plan a new feature to be incorporated among these "asides"—a short feature as follows, specially calculated to appeal to our certified readers.

THIS NEWS MAKES SENSE. N. B. G. Schwob, dapper, cultured, forty-six-year-old sewage expert, of Main Street, New Musselburgh, Mich., appointed Chief Advisor to the Federation of Mine Sweepers at Warmer Falls City, Wis. Eats raw eggs. Drinks raw eggs. Bald as an egg. Considered good egg. Has no children, four wives, two first editions of Fourth Folio. Religion, Metro-Mormon. Hero, Baron Can-Can (known affectionately in the clubs as "Old Tin Can").

After this high-speed recording of a major personality in whom everyone is, of course, intensely interested, we 'll return to our gentler, less astringent tempo, in the hope that uncertified readers will pick up the threads.

Talking of thread, (*a*) Captain Jimmy Coats is being fêted by all right-drinking sportsmen, and we hope that, if ennobled, he will take the title of Lord Cresta; (*b*) Lord Gainford has been stitching busily in the Yorkshire-London trains, between board meetings; alas! not in preparation for the Exhibition of English Needlework, one of the most pleasing events of the moment. He is perhaps our finest needleman, with Ernest Thesiger (billed in "The Golden Toy"—coming on Feb. 28) as runner-up. Lady Gainford, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Violet Crawley, Lady Hylton, Lady Cecilie Goff, Miss Constable, and Mrs. Eustace Shearman are exceptionally gifted artists with needles, and should all be among exhibitors. Every category of work is included except lingerie, which Mrs. Walter Ffennell makes most beautifully.

At the de Gripenbergs' "at-home," Lady Mount Temple occupied the foreground, or front hall. She was in her usual good looks. Lady Earle was talking Riviera. It sounds gay, with "Dotty" Campbell (Mrs. Archie) and "Bunny" Doble (Lady Lindsay-Hogg) among beauties, and Mr. Reginald Purbrick among yacht-owners. Lady Rothermere goes to her villa near Mougins this week (there will be a trek South by prominent Parisians as soon as they are satisfied that all 's quiet on the Ritz front), and the Paul Dubonnets have been very hospitable at Villa Edelweiss, which has a chilly name, but that 's all.

The Finnish Legation was crammed with three parties in one. Music upstairs consisted of a baritone chanting "Hey Nonny No" ditties to enchanted ladies on small gilt chairs. From the doorway I recognised Lady Jessel (Gladys Jessel was looking spectacular downstairs) and Mrs. Abbott, the attractive Swedish wife of one of the American attachés. (N.B.—All American diplomats have attractive wives, so Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Ray Cox are not exceptions.) In a back parlour we found the Reggie Garnetts (Anne Fortescue, and lovely looking), several Chilton sisters, daughters of our Ambassador at B.A.; Princess Galitzin, talking her native Russian, very nicely, we feel sure; and Miss Violet de Worms, who said Egham has got into THE book, which is pleasant for Eghamites, who were formerly in danger of being considered county.

In the front parlour mobs were swallowing cocktails, oblivious of music overhead. The scene presented a typical "six-to-eight" appearance, with some distinguished men and others who looked distinguished—a subtle achievement, copyright by the F.O. We noted Countess Ahleveldt-Laurvig, wife of the Danish Minister, and, trying to find an exit, stumbled over London's Loveliest Feet—Lady Earle's. She refrained from giving us any of London's Loveliest Language, which we deserved.

SEEN ABOUT. Lady Marjorie Stirling fitting a mid-season modified halo.

Mrs. Eric Martin-Smith walking. She does this very well. Most Englishwomen are web-footed—a legacy from the days when Britannia ruled the waves.

Fitting a suit: Mrs. Crabbe, attractive Canadian wife of the one and only Archie.

Crossing Bond Street with care: Mrs. Harriet Harriman, escorted by Captain Arthur Evans. Her looks are happily unimpaired by her month in hospital after a taxi-smash.

Quick-lunching: Miss Isabel (Ayrshire) Walker, Miss Viola Bankes, whose " Why Not ? " is making a lot of people laugh and others nervous.

On the Boat Train: Dennis Wheatley, composer of shockers, and Joan, his charmingly composed wife, off to South Africa.

Mrs. Ronald Renton buying almonds for yet another cocktail-party.

Lord Brougham and Vaux entering a restaurant, and, later, Lord Brougham and Vaux leaving same.

The Marquis de Casa-Maury looking at the nearly completed Curzon Cinema with a creator's pride—opening night, March 6.

Peggy Marsh, one-time American cabaret star and so on, out shopping in her adopted city.

NIGHT NOTES. At the Dorchester, American cabaret seems firmly established. If you like a floor show, this is a good one. The girls are bright in the traditional way. Mitzi Mayfair has a side kick of exceptional flexibility and the newly fashionable Mae West-ian curves. Those Diamond Brothers fool fast and well. Dining or supping we saw: the Gervaise Tennyson d'Eyncourts, who always look so happy dancing together; the " Lex " Wilsons, to whom the same domestic touch applies; ditto the Donald Camerons (Enid Levita) and the David Heneages. What a matrimonial advertisement! Mrs. David Heneage is one of the prettiest women in England, and pretty in a peculiarly English way, tall, lively, with wide-set eyes, stormy hair, and a grand complexion—she should be added to Olive Snell's collection. Mrs. Heneage has the demure and unlikely name of Jane. At least, we always thought it rather a prim little name, because of Jane Austen, until Mary Borden wrote " Jane, Our Stranger." That added a fierce, misunderstood quality.

Others eating were Lord Portarlington, Cicely Courtneidge, in a huge headdress, with Ivor McLaren; Lord Ossory at a background table, Lady Dufferin in her black and green dress, Mrs. Patrick Davidson at the same table in red; ditto Mrs. Ronald Balfour. Dorothy Dickson repeated the same colour. It will be good to see the new winged dresses. There's something depressing about coming home to the same old clothes, as well as the same young faces. Jim Lawrence danced with a tall, handsome girl who looked like a débutante. Trust Jim to pick the Face of the Year.

KING PRAJADHIPOK OF SIAM and his QUEEN have been on the Riviera, where this photograph of them with ADMIRAL DUBOIS was taken at the Villefranche Battle of Flowers. The Queen has just thrown a floral missile.

MISS ANNE HOTHAM, third daughter of the late Mr. John Beaumont Hotham and Mrs. Hotham, of Milne Graden, Coldstream, married MR. ANTHONY GARDNER BAZLEY, younger son of the late Mr. Gardner S. Bazley and of Mrs. Francis Cadogan, at Chelsea Old Church. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Viscount Suirdale.

" SONA," the beautiful yacht belonging to Lord Camrose, is here seen lying in the harbour at Monte Carlo.

MR. JOHN ALEXANDER GOSCHEN, Grenadier Guards, son of the Hon. Sir William Goschen, of Otterhead, and of the late Lady Goschen, is engaged to MISS HILDA VIOLET URSULA JERVIS, younger daughter of Colonel the Hon. St. Leger and Mrs. Jervis, of Pitminster Lodge, Taunton.

Switching to the Savoy, where the floor show is equally long and rather more varied, Mrs. Jimmy Beck dines with her husband, and applauds an Empire ballet in particularly successful dresses. It's a joy to sit near Mrs. Beck, because whichever way you look at her, the effect is equally delightful. She hasn't got an ugly angle, or even a less lovely one. Her nose is a poem.

Dancing were Captain and Mrs. Dorian Williamson, who married last year, and have many friends in the huntin' world; Mr. Bernard Dudley Docker, etc. The standard was as decorous as ever in the " see-me-dance-the-polka " style, which reminds us we could do with a few " hot " orchestras for a change, and wish E. M. Delafield had brought one back from her priceless excursion into Harlem nights. I can picture the Provincial Lady at the Cotton Club, can't you? Or can't you?

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

British Tunny Club's Rules Altered.

At the first general meeting of the British Tunny Club, held on Jan. 25, a significant addition was made to the rules, and also an important alteration. Last October I hinted in these notes that methods which contravened the Club's rules had been employed by members of the British Tunny Club—not without grounds, it appears, as the addition to the rules passed at the general meeting reads—

The WORLD'S RECORD MAKO SHARK was caught by Mr. H. White-Wickham in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. Its length was 10 ft. 6 in., and its girth 6 ft. 2 in., and it weighed 798 lb.

"Members shall fish and permit fishing by their crew only with rod and line, under the Rules of the Club, except for special scientific research, and then only with the sanction of the Committee."

The alteration in the rules revises the conditions for the granting of certificates. The wording is—

"That in future, certificates be issued in three classes, according to strength of line used, and not, as during the past year, in relation to weights of fish, *i.e.*, 'That the maximum dry breaking strain of line be: Class 1, 100 lb.; Class 2, 130 lb.; Class 3, 160 lb.'"

It is interesting to recall that the old rule fixed a 54-thread line with breaking strain of 108 lb. as the maximum. As far as I can make out, the old standard of 2 lb. per thread, generally accepted at the time the rules were made, was revised to 3 lb. per thread during the season. I doubt if many, or even any, of the tunny caught last season were taken on lines of under 108-lb. breaking strain; and I shall not be surprised to see the rule altered again at the next general meeting. I was very interested to see that Lady Broughton and Mrs. R. Sparrow were elected to the Committee. Other new members are Mr. G. Baker, Mr. W. H. Barker, Mr. J. Wilcock Holgate, jnr., Mr. W. H. Kempton, Mr. J. Parker, Colonel R. Sparrow, and Sir Digby Warren.

Hooked, but Not Landed.

How often one hears of fish being lightly hooked and the hold giving way! It is all very well to talk airily about fish "coming short," but I do not think it is fair to lay all the blame on the fish. Perhaps I am wrong, but my view is that sufficient attention is not given to the question of balance between rod and hook. The modern tendency to use much lighter rods has encouraged a great many anglers to discard their heavy rods, yet they still use the same flies. The result is that, though the powerful rod was capable of driving home the heavy-wired, coarse-barbed hooks, the light rod often fails to do so. Daintier hooks, made of fine wire, with small barbs and very sharp points, would put an end, I am sure, to the bugbear of lightly-hooked fish. Personally, I consider a snecked hook is also an advantage, although many anglers think otherwise. Recently, Mr. W. S. Jackson, author of "Notes of a Flyfisher," gave me some salmon flies dressed on hooks made to his design, and they embody the desirable features I have mentioned above. Another well-known angling writer, who signs himself "C. Trout," has also admitted in print that he has been converted to light snecked hooks for salmon-fishing, and found them infinitely more reliable than the standard type. I would advise any angler who is not satisfied with his proportion of fish killed to the number risen and hooked, to study the question of balance. He must endeavour to use a hook that will penetrate very easily, as the current acting on a light line does not exert the same pull to "set" the hook home as is the case with a heavy line.

The WORLD'S RECORD BROADBILL SWORDFISH was caught by Mr. H. White-Wickham in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, on a 22-oz. rod, with a 36-thread line. This monster weighed 673 lb.; its length was 14 ft. 7 in., and its girth 5 ft. 1 in.

Stocking the River Jordan with Trout.

About twelve years ago an attempt was made to stock the River Jordan with trout. Anglers in all parts of the world were keenly interested in the project, and contributed to the fund raised for purchasing ova and to pay the cost of transit. A shipment of brown trout ova was sent from the Solway Fisheries to Jaffa, but unfortunately, owing to bad handling *en route*, most of the ova were destroyed. Mr. Davies, who took charge of the ova on arrival, did his utmost to save what was left; but, though he succeeded in hatching out some fry, they were sickly, and soon succumbed. A further batch of rainbow trout ova was dispatched, but this attempt also ended in failure. The experiment was abandoned, as the fund was exhausted.

Last week I had a letter from Col. C. A. Whitney, of the Colonial Ammunition Company, New Zealand, informing me that his brother, Captain Whitney, was in Palestine, and proposed to make another attempt to stock the River Jordan and the Sea of Galilee by planting eyed ova of rainbow trout in the gravel of the streams running into the lake. Colonel Whitney asked me to help by putting his brother in touch with someone who could supply the ova. In response to my request, Mr. D. F. Leney, of the Surrey Trout Farm, has written to Captain Whitney, but he tells me that he is afraid that the ova will be too far advanced to send this year. It is essential to pack eggs at the right moment when they are to travel long distances. He was exporting brown and rainbow trout eggs to Kenya last week.

The enormous fish to be seen in this snapshot were BRINDLE BASS caught by Durban anglers. One weighs 180 lb. and the other 240 lb.

A Minister Introduces Fishing in Austria.

The Austrian Minister held a meeting at the Legation last week, with the idea of interesting British anglers in the excellent trout-fishing in his country. His Excellency Baron Georg Franckenstein pointed out that regulations had been made to protect the fishing, and that the fishing on each stretch of river was limited to a certain number of rods, so that there will be no over-fishing. He added that there was room and to spare for 6000 visiting anglers, while at present the number of visiting anglers was only a few hundreds. Mr. Morley Roberts, author of "A Humble Fisherman," gave a glowing account of his own fishing experiences in Austria. As far as I could judge from what was said at the meeting, every effort is being made to provide the visiting angler with information. Mr. Roberts stated that an inclusive charge for a three weeks' fishing trip to Austria would be about £40.

R. L. MARSTON.

THE TIMES OF QUEEN ANNE VERY MUCH ALIVE IN MAYFAIR.

The MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON and the Committee of the Marlborough and Queen Anne Exhibition held a reception at Chesterfield House last week. The guests examined the exhibits and heard period music. Lady Northampton (l.) is with MRS. LAWRENCE DRUMMOND.

The DUCHESS OF RUTLAND wore one of the fashionable ostrich-feather capes. She is talking to MR. LANDSBERG. Behind them is a case containing fine silver lent by Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Rutland, and Sir John Noble.

The COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH was interested in the swords which belonged to the great Duke of Marlborough. They are lent by the present Duke, the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Brigade of Guards' Mess, St. James's Palace.

Here, MRS. RALPH WIGRAM and her Grace the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH (r.) are seen in conversation with the HON. FREDERICK WALLOP.

LADY LILIAN GRENFELL, sister of the Duke of Marlborough, is here seen looking at the books, which include the first edition of Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

VISCOUNT FINCASTLE, son of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., is showing some of the miniatures to MISS ELIZABETH CLIFTON BROWN.

SIR RICHARD and LADY CRUISE were interested by the prints sent from the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, of French cartoons of the Duke of Marlborough, and original broadsheets of "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre."

(Left) SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, President of the Royal Academy, was a guest.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. IV.—LADY LAVERY.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the Worst Moment in the lives of some distinguished persons. LADY LAVERY, the beautiful wife of Sir John Lavery, R.A., the artist, is the fourth to go into the "confessional." She is one of London's best-known and most popular hostesses, and is herself an artist.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl—a very little girl, called Hazel Martyn. Now she has grown up and become a great lady, and is known as Lady Lavery. But at the time I speak of she was just a small eight-year-old schoolgirl, with a round face and a thatch of Celtic red hair, living with her mother and father, modestly but genteelly, in Paris.

Hazel was a very shy little girl, and consequently she was very lonely. Nobody would be bothered with anyone who never had a word to say for herself and who never joined in romps and games. Also, she was the only British girl at the modest, select, but very French private school where she had been sent, to learn French and German. Yet Hazel yearned for a friend; she longed to have a chum like the other girls. In the school gardens her class-mates walked about in couples. Hazel always walked alone.

Day by day her longing for a bosom chum grew, but never did anybody show any particular interest in her. '*La petite Irlandaise est trop gauche*" was the verdict of Hazel's French school-mates. And so she continued to stand apart from the others and look on with wistful eyes. Then, gradually, quite imperceptibly to her childish mind, the friend that Fate seemed to deny her was born in her imagination.

Often she imagined the kind of friend she would like to have—the ideal friend. Detail by detail Hazel created her in her mind, until she became a real person and even developed a name. It was Fredericka Brandesberg. So real did Fredericka become that Hazel began to talk about her, even telling her mother that a new girl had arrived at the school with whom she had become firm friends at once.

Hazel's mother was delighted to hear the news. Her small daughter's continual isolation had been worrying her considerably. But she had to confess that she was a little surprised at the descriptions of Fredericka which Hazel never seemed to tire of giving. Fredericka was indeed an extraordinary child. Hazel had invested in her all the qualities and attributes for which she herself longed. In her eyes Fredericka was perfect.

For a start, she was the daughter of a German Count, who had been exiled from Germany for some political reason or other. So really Fredericka should be called *Von* Brandesberg, but her father thought it best to drop the *Von* so that he could preserve his incognito. Then Fredericka was eleven years old, which Hazel had decided was a very *chic* age to be. She was all that Hazel was not at that time: slender, with delicate white hands, a pale, sensitive face surrounded by an aura of fluffy golden hair that looked like spun silk, sad blue eyes and a drooping mouth. She spent a great deal of time crying, because of the terrible exile which had separated her from all her German friends and relations. Hazel spent many happy hours consoling her.

LADY LAVERY, the well-known society hostess and wife of Sir John Lavery, R.A., is the fourth to disclose her secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. She is a daughter of Mr. Edward Jenner Martyn, of Chicago, and was formerly Mrs. Trudeau. She has inspired many of her husband's most successful portraits, and Lavery pictures of "Hazel" in various costumes and poses have been exhibited frequently in the Royal Academy.

YEVONDE.

So far, so good. But it was the other details about Fredericka which surprised Mrs. Martyn, who was, above all things, a practical woman. It was a little startling to be told, though Hazel, of course, considered it perfectly correct, that Fredericka arrived at school every day in a carriage drawn by four magnificent black horses, with two powdered footmen and an immense Borzoi dog. In winter (Fredericka lasted for several years) the fine carriage was exchanged for a sleigh, in which Fredericka reclined, swathed in massive fur rugs, and the powdered footmen were exchanged for bearded Cossacks.

Again, at school Fredericka was a genius. She did her sums with miraculous ease, and she had a lovely singing voice. She of course spoke every language under the sun perfectly. Fredericka wore the most extraordinary clothes to school. At least they seemed extraordinary to Hazel's mother. She was never dressed like other girls—like Hazel, for instance, in tweeds and serges. Oh, no! she never wore anything but the finest silk party dresses, "bronze" shoes with tassels on them, and "bronze" silk stockings. And, whatever she did she always wore a huge ruby ring, apparently an heirloom, which was surmounted by a coronet in gold.

Fredericka lived in a large house in the Avenue Kleber. Hazel even told her mother the number—68, where, she would sometimes announce, she had been to tea after school with her friend. But to her mother's repeated suggestions that Fredericka should come to tea with her, Hazel always replied that it was impossible, because Count Von Brandesberg had many enemies and he would never allow his daughter to visit anyone. This harmless little deception, the outcome of a lonely child's vivid imagination, ran smoothly for some considerable time. Each day Hazel would find something new to tell her mother about her beloved Fredericka.

But after a time CRISIS appeared stark and menacing on her childish horizon. Her mother made a habit of making her social calls once a month. On these occasions Hazel generally went with her in a hired carriage. On one of these days, to her horror, Hazel noticed that they were driving through the Avenue Kleber.

"Hazel, dear, isn't this the street where Fredericka lives?" asked her mother kindly, and added, quite unaware of the terror her words were causing, "Wouldn't you like to go and see her?"

"She—she isn't expecting me," Hazel managed to stammer out.

"Well, my dear, it can't do any harm if I leave cards with the Countess. After all, she has been very kind to you, and I would love to meet her."

Before Hazel could think of anything to say, the carriage had stopped at Number 68. Frozen with terror, she saw her mother handing her card to the footman and heard her telling him to go and present it to Countess Von Brandesberg with Mrs. Martyn's compliments. She saw the footman approach the door of the fateful Number 68, saw him ring the bell, saw the door open, saw him talking to the concierge who opened it.

Hazel's head swam. This was the end. Now her mother would find out that there was no Fredericka Von Brandesberg, and, more than that, she herself would lose her dream, which had become her dearest friend. It was cruel—cruel that this should happen.

Desperately, Hazel offered up a prayer that she might not be found out; that her dream could go on. All the power of her young soul went into that prayer to her country's saints. The footman came back. Hazel felt icily calm. The footman approached the carriage; he bowed to Hazel's mother.

The concierge presented her compliments to Mme. Martyn, but the family living at No. 68 had left Paris yesterday. Hazel was saved!

"You didn't tell me Fredericka was going away," her mother remarked.

"D—didn't I?" was all Hazel could say.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

MISS PRIMROSE SALT AS HELEN OF TROY.

MISS PRIMROSE SALT, who, wearing a pill-box hat with "pips," decorated our front page last week, is here seen as HELEN OF TROY in the Oxford University Dramatic Club's production of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in Oxford Town Hall this week. Naturally, the part demands Beauty—and certainly has received it—but it does not call for speech. Miss Salt, who is the daughter of Major-General H. F. Salt, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Officer Commanding Air Defence Formations, Territorial Army, made her début last year and is a reigning Lovely.

OUR UBIQUITOUS EYE-WITNESS SAW. . . .

MISS MARGERY LAWRENCE, the author of several successful books. "Madame Holle," her latest, is a first-class thriller.

LADY TWEEDMOUTH at Altcar for the Waterloo Cup. Lord Tweedmouth had a runner.

MISS WINIFRED HOLTBY, a notable figure in the world of literature. She is a critic, a director of "Time and Tide," and a successful novelist. Her latest book is "Truth Is Not Sober."

SIR WOODMAN BURBIDGE, BT., MR. and MRS. ELLIS, LADY BURBIDGE, and MISS BURBIDGE (l. to r.) in this group at Altcar on the first day of the Waterloo Cup.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH (centre) and her little sister, PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE (right; dressed as a fairy), as guests at the Children's Fancy Dress party given by Viscountess Astor, M.P.

The BANK OF ENGLAND OPERATIC, DRAMATIC AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY production of "MARRY THE GIRL," at the Arts Theatre. The trial scene in the third act. Miss Helen Simpson was Mrs. Chattaway; Mr. A. H. Seymour played Mr. Justice Sparrowhawk; and Mr. Maurice Spearing was Sir Anthony Plumstead.

The first act in the BANK OF ENGLAND OPERATIC, DRAMATIC AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY'S production of "MARRY THE GIRL." The characters are (l. to r.) Banks (Mr. F. Compigne-Cook), Hugh (Mr. Ivan Estridge), Walford (Mr. Dumayne Warne), Jane (Miss Phyllis Youngman), and Mrs. Elliott (Miss Bobby Watt).

LADY WARRENDER
AND
ROBIN, HER YOUNGEST SON.

PORTRAIT-STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE Duchess of Rutland says that she is apt to feel lonely at Belvoir, because it is so big and "rambly" and Victorian. Haddon Hall, on the contrary, she finds "homey," and is never lonely there. The present Duke's affection for the most beautiful and romantic of his mansions was responsible for its transformation into a family residence, fitted with all modern comforts.

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The Duchess revealed her preference for Haddon Hall to one of the foreign diplomats at the Chesterfield House party given by Lady Northampton and the Committee of the Marlborough and Queen Anne Exhibition, for conversation among so many treasures from famous houses naturally led to the stately homes of England.

MISS SUSAN NOEL defeated MISS MARGARET LUMB (left) in the final of the Ladies' Squash Rackets Championship, and thus won the title for the third year in succession. LADY ABERDARE is presenting the trophy.

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There was music as well as conversation at Chesterfield House, but early eighteenth-century pieces played on period instruments must be listened to if you want to hear them, and I'm afraid only the front-benchers lent really attentive ears. This was a pity, for the London Consort of Singers and Viol Players gave a well-chosen programme, including compositions by Lawes, Purcell, Couperin, and Marin Marais. The programme reminded us that the spinet used was a genuine one "by Josephus Harris, London, 1700."

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Lord and Lady Leigh, Lady Colefax, and Lady Oxford all sat near the front and listened hard. Lady Leigh has the tiniest of feet, which were encased in purple satin sandals. Lady Oxford had a brooch made of the two largest jade beads I have ever seen—just like green golf-balls!

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Has Lady Greville got Parliamentary ambitions? I heard her say to Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., sister of Victor Cazalet, M.P., "I shall have to make friends of you children in the House, and you will have to tell me how to dress, etc." She wore blue and gold, and had a long, slender train which very thoroughly tested the "footwork" of those about her!

MRS. PERCY BROOKSBANK has had her portrait painted by MR. W. BURTON, the U.S.A. millionaire painter, at his Riviera home at Mougins, near Cannes.

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Cocktail-parties now have ecclesiastical sanction! This glad news reaches me from Monte Carlo, for I hear that the Bishop of Liverpool and Mrs. David were guests at the "Twilight Thirst" gathering (I quote the words used by my Monegascan girl-friend) given by Lieut.-General Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford. Canon and Mrs. Tupper Carey were also there. I am looking for some curates to help at my next one.

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Flat-racing celebrities go anywhere except 'chasing in the winter-time. A good many of them are at Monte Carlo. Captain "Cardy" Montagu is still there, and was surrounded by other racing regulars the other day, for he had Lady Stanley, the Brograve Beauchamps, and Lord Carnarvon at his table at the International Sporting Club.

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Lord and Lady Greenwood are among the latest to depart for the Riviera. He used to be Sir Hamar Greenwood, and she is Lady Mount Temple's sister. They have joined Lord Fairhaven and his mother in the yacht *Sapphire* at Monte Carlo, where they will enjoy luxury combined with intellectual pleasures. Lord Fairhaven is wealthy, intelligent, a patron of the arts, good-looking, *and* blessed with charming manners. He's still a bachelor, though his younger brother married Miss Diana Fellowes a couple of years ago.

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Carnival time in Monte Carlo is apt to coincide with fog time in London. Another good reason for going to the Riviera at the moment is the news that the New York 1934 Midnight Follies have arrived, and arranged to make their season's début last Friday at the International Sporting Club. Their delight at coming back to Monte Carlo was only equalled by the pleasure that Monte Carlo has registered at seeing them again.

The ROYAL ARTILLERY DRAG HUNT BALL was held at Woolwich. Two couple of hounds were brought into the ball-room by the kennelmen. Captain Crawford is the Master.

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The other day I mentioned the dance that Lady Eleanor Keane is giving for her daughter Lucy, and, by a slip, referred to her as Lady Eleanor King. She is the wife of Sir John Keane, fifth Baronet, and is a daughter of the first Lord St. Aldwyn. Miss Lucy Keane is her youngest, and left school at the end of last summer. The Keanes are a distinguished Irish family. Their crest is a "cat-a-mountain sejant proper," and their motto runs, "*Felis demulcta mitis,*" which means "The stroked cat is meek."

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Everyone knows that Lord Berners is a musician and composer of note; most of us now realise that he is a writer of considerable wit, for his "First Childhood" is on all the best drawing-room tables; and it's common knowledge that he's fond of a joke now and then. Add to all this that he is a painter of considerable distinction, and you will have a portrait of our Most Versatile Peer. He's due to have a one-man show at the Lefevre Gallery early in April, and we are promised that the pictures exhibited will be a careful selection of his very best. I wish they could include illustrations of incidents in his book!

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Talk of Art takes me across the sea. Mr. Macdonald, of the Lefevre Gallery, tells me that he has had three tremendously successful exhibitions in Canada. The first was the most nerve-racking! Owing to a desperate crossing, Mr. Macdonald only arrived about half an hour before the opening, which was a very big affair, as H.E. the Governor-General, Lord Bessborough, gave a big reception for it! However, they know how to hustle in Canada as well as in the States, and Mr. Macdonald was there on time. His other two shows were at Montreal and Toronto, and he says he lunched, dined, and wined with "everyone." The exhibitions consisted of French nineteenth-century pictures, and must specially have interested Lady Bessborough, who is French by birth.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

Four Annes and one Anthony are depicted by photography in this charming group. It shows MRS. RONALD ARMSTRONG-JONES (formerly Miss Anne Messel; right) and her sister-in-law, MRS. LINLEY MESSEL (formerly Miss Anne Alexander), with their children. The baby is ELIZABETH ANNE MESSEL, and the older children are SUSAN ANNE and ANTHONY ARMSTRONG-JONES. Mrs. Linley Messel is the sister-in-law of Mr. Oliver Messel, the artist; and Mrs. Armstrong-Jones is his sister.

CONVERSATION PIECES — BY BRITISH ART AND BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHY.

JOHN, FOURTEENTH LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, HIS WIFE, AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN are the subjects in this domestic conversation-piece by Zoffany, which has been lent by the present Lord Willoughby de Broke to the Exhibition of British Art. It is an eighteenth-century parallel to our camera-study of a present-day fireside family party. Three children appear in both groups; the fireplace is featured in each composition; and the toy horse shown in the painting has its complement in the toy dog included in the photograph. In both instances, a young mother is posed on a patterned seat; Lady Willoughby de Broke's is covered in petit-point, and Mrs. Linley Messel's in brocade. The costumes form more of a contrast than a parallel, for the eighteenth-century baby is dressed like a little woman; and the elaborate attire worn by Lady Willoughby gives her an air of maturity which contrasts with the youthful appearance of 1934 matrons.

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GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Leicestershire Letter.

Fog has again been complicating matters, and dry rot is also getting into hunting. What couldn't we do to a nice downpour! As it is, the going, though good, is already on the hard side, and every day "gone to ground in a drain" cuts off a promising hunt in its prime. Scent is the worst on record, and outliers, helpful though they are, take a bit of finding. A piercing wind was the chief feature of the Quorn's Thimble Hall day; this helped to dry the already arid ground, and the scintillating sun conspired to remove every vestige of scent. Few remained to enjoy an evening hunt from Barkby Thorpe, and of these, many fell by the way. Mrs. Cripps was out again after being ill for most of the season; then, seeking further fields to conquer, she thought she'd do Switzerland for a change. This counter-attraction has lured away the Charlie Millses from Pickwell, as well as Lady Enid Turnor and Miss Verona Lockett.

Saturday's Choice. Meltonians had three meets to choose from on the Saturday, all in good country. To wit: the Belvoir were at Granby, the Quorn at Wysall (poaching on their own Monday preserve), and the Cottesmore at Brooke Priory. This had the happy effect of dissipating the available talent, which, when concentrated on one centre, is more than a match for any field-master. The Quorn contingent reported some fine fun from Ellars, after a dutiful morning in the Widmerpool direction. With a fair share of Vale to charge over, they finished off at Old Dalby, after a good hunt. Cottesmore "fans" had quite a popular meet for an unfashionable Saturday, but they were not very lucky otherwise. The inevitable heading of a Manton Gorse quarry was a bad start, and afterwards the many foxes in Prior's Coppice and Launde Park Wood could not combine to make enough smell to pursue them by.

With the Belvoir. Granby Gap is, of course, the first draw from the Granby Village meet, and the stickheap there, though meaning well, again fell foul of a hunt. Hounds caught the bob-tailed fox as he was trying to get in, and his friend, being highly purified, ambled off to the better 'ole he knew of near the railway, without any pressure from the pack. There was great improvement with the next customer from Harby; he ran fast up to the canal (some of the field crossed, to have a game of "touch last" together, but it is not known whether a direct hit was scored), then left to Plungar, and away over the jolliest fences to the Belvoir Woods. The atmosphere here not being very helpful to hunting, the day tailed off, and finished with rather an hysterical dart after an Elton outlier. This pack met at Waltham on Ash Wednesday in a thick fog. With great perseverance they nosed their way from Goadby Gorse to Harby Hills. Later from Melton Spinney was clearer, and a good ride was had by all, across to Freeby Wood, on to Newmans, and to ground in Stonesby Ashes.

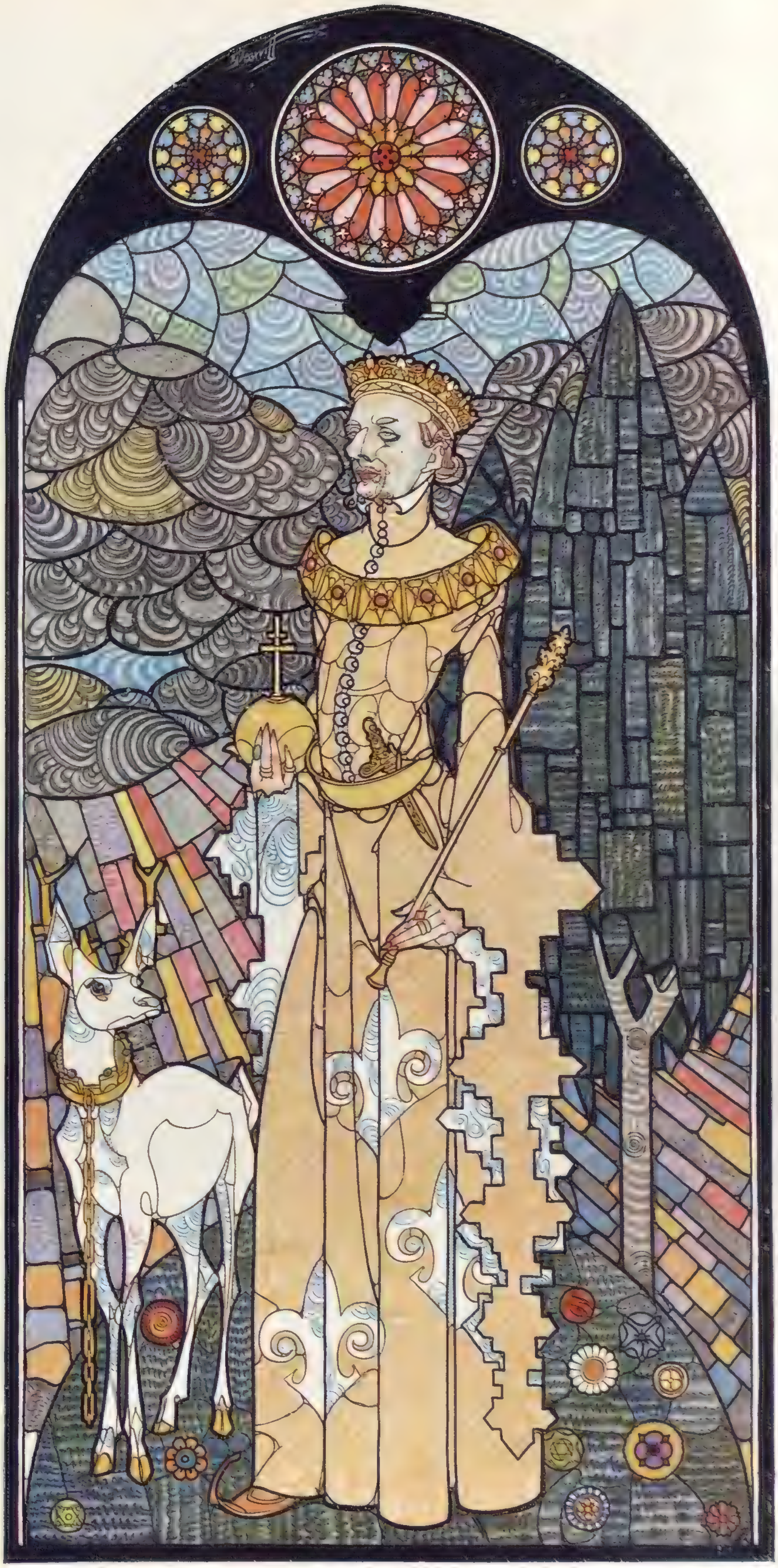
A "Beaufort-shire" Budget. Like most countries, we are still waiting for a scent! It's been very easy going, with a premature spring, and all the usual symptoms, to cheer our sunny way, but sport *has* languished a bit! To dwell on the brighter spots, the few who risked a hill-day from Boxwell pulled it off with their afternoon jolly from Apsimore, *via* the plains of Leighterton, away past Stonehill, and so forth and so on. Half-an-hour's real good fun over the walls, which the participants enjoyed subsequently "rubbing in" to absentees almost as much as they had riding the course! Thursday's children, by no means spoilt this year, had one supreme flat-race, bless them, from Hilmarton to Compton Bassett, when the "old dogs" went like flying-machines, holding an easy lead of everyone, and it was "Who-whoop!" in the open, after the fastest thing of the season—so say they! Two of the good-looking bridesmaids who officiated at the recent Neeld-Spicer wedding were out, and one of them, Miss Diana Davenport, was presented with the mask of this good fox, which subsequently dangled from her saddle-bow—or wherever it is they *do* dangle from when correctly hung!

But there was no lepping to this chase—no time to leave the ground, apparently—so they galloped like Gordon, but by bridle-tracks, which was the dull part. A nasty spot of frost did Friday no good, and the first fox, found near the meet at Codrington, displayed a regrettable tendency to travel by the railway instead of the pleasant open country. The same applies, only more so, to the hero from Berbarrow Lane, who finally involved us in the horrid network of lines near Westerleigh. But the afternoon hunt from Hamwood was good value for those who love a crack at the Vale, and these had all they wanted before the dingles of Dodington interrupted such progress. The fox eventually ensconced himself in the drain by the Old Hundred at Tormarton.

The Brighter Bits. Badminton Station attracted a full Saturday muster, which is saying much in little! The Duke was doing Field-Master, to the evident relief of his colleague, who made a short day of it. The Duchess was out on one of her greys, and Lady Helena Gibbs had chosen a milk-white steed. Baron de Tuyll was of the field, and so was Captain Lindesey Shedden, with his son John, having a "busman's holiday" on a young one. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Jack Gibbs out again. Also Major "Nipper" Poynter *and* Mr. Herbert Nell, who both rather seldom ornament a Saturday field. Two quite pleasant hunts, as things go in this sort of a season, filled the bill enjoyably. The first of these efforts (each was about 30 minutes in the doing) started at Cranhill Gorse, and ended close to Hull'ington. The other was a merry-go-round from Widley's Hill, and offered its opportunities before the fox entered the subterranean mysteries which extend from Brookend Quarry. Monday was fog-bound early on, and the decidedly s'lect field at the Plough, Kington St. Michael, went a bit wide at first to draw in consequence.

LADY URSULA MANNERS (right) is one of the most important débutantes of the year. She was snapped talking to LADY CONYERS and the HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL (centre) when the Belvoir met at Granby. Lady Ursula is the elder daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

Our group of smiling spectators was taken when the Cottesmore met at Oxey Farm. It shows (from left to right) MISS DIANA LUBBOCK, MRS. JACK HARRISON, MRS. ALEXANDER, and the MISSES AUDREY and DIANA HARRISON, MRS. GUY FENWICK, MISS BRENDA ALEXANDER, MAJOR JACK HARRISON, and MR. MATHER JACKSON.



"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" IN STAINED GLASS.

MR. JOHN GIELGUD'S performance in the title-rôle of "Richard of Bordeaux," the play by Gordon Daviot, at the New Theatre, is one of the outstanding successes of the theatrical year.

CARICATURE BY SHERRIFFS.

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD. COVENTRY

GRAN'POP REPLIES FOR THE LADIES.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR BES

SNOW FALLS are an integral part of our snow lives! First it falls and then we fall in it—after having fallen for a snow maiden who is on it! Some of us fall on our picnic meals with vigour, and *some* burdens fall on broad shoulders! Beauty herself must look out for falls—but where's the fun of ski-ing too carefully?

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY RENÉ VINCENT.

EST CONTENT! SNOW LIFE SCENES.

SCRUM BACK CHAT.

"Put the ball down, blast you, Sir!"
"I haven't got it, blast you, Sir!"
"Well, you had it last, blast you, Sir!"

DRAWN BY FOUGASSE.

"It's raining, and bitter cold outside"
"Yes John my dear, you must have your
DEWAR'S
THE FAMOUS "White Label" CONQUERS THE COLD

HIS OLD SHIP by A. D. McCORMICK R.I.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
Player's Please

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS C. MISKIN enjoyed her toffee-apple.

MR. G. R. DE HAVILLAND (left) played truant at the bar.

MR. and MRS. A. STRAFTON did sums on their slate.

(Right) MRS. M. MARTYN and CAPTAIN "EDDIE" FULFORD took refreshment through straws. Captain Fulford left for Africa on Friday with Sir Malcolm Campbell, as a pilot for the famous motorist's gold hunt in the Kalahari Desert.

At the "VALENTINE'S DAY" Ball held at Hatfield Aerodrome last week all the guests appeared dressed as children for an evening's fun and frolic on solid earth. Supper was served by "nannies," instead of the usual waiters, and some of the guests took refreshment from feeding-bottles! They all seemed to enjoy coming down to earth in nursery guise, and find it a change from flying up above the clouds.

MRS. E. RAPSON wore a baby's bonnet.

MRS. G. R. DE HAVILLAND and MR. J. V. HOLMAN had their supper served by a "nannie."

—THESE HATFIELD AERODROME FLYING FOLK, FOR COMING DOWN TO EARTH SO MERRILY.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"NOTHING." The broker spoke with decision. "Absolutely nothing."

"Not so much as an advertisement in the first column of *The Times*?"

"Not so much as a catalogue from a perambulator maker. No free samples of soap, powder, or anything. No adoring spinsters with bunches of flowers and yards of pink ribbon. No——"

"Then it's hardly worth the bother."

"You're at work, weeding the plantation, on the Tuesday, and you're back again in the same spot on the following Saturday. A mid-week incident, as it were."

"But who——"

"There's generally an old woman who will take charge. And she gets more cash than most of the rubber shareholders do by way of dividends."

"The dividends will start again towards the end of this year?" hazarded Our Stroller.

This week Fred May caricatures some ***AUTOCRATS OF THE TEA-TABLE.*** *Here is* ***SIR ISIDORE SALMON, D.L., J.P., M.P., Chairman*** *of the great Lyons Tea combine.*

"We hope for the best," replied the broker cautiously. "The worst of the rubber market is the time that we all have to wait for results. I hate waiting."

"Unpleasant, but highly salutary," a fellow-member commented. "Of course the rubber market will come again. I'm trying to forget the shares I've got."

"That's the idea. And in the meanwhile you must go for the more vital spots round the House."

". . . But why? The company paid ten per cent. on the ordinary shares last year. Unless this year produces twenty per cent., I should say that Rolls-Royce are over-priced. When does the report come?"

"About the end of March. My impression is that the dividend will be exceedingly good, and that we shall see the shares ten bob higher before long."

"Is the company doing so well?"

"Very well indeed, I should think. Most of the good motor companies are. I'm the only man in the Stock Exchange who isn't buying a new bus."

"Not a bad thing to put your profits into. Wasting asset, of course."

"So is a mining share."

"I believe that's why some people won't buy mines. Rather needless self-denial, it seems to me."

"My dear old chap, what you have to do is to keep your eye fixed on the price of gold. With the metal at anything like £7 an ounce, the gold-mines can't help making handsome profits."

"Gold might come down in price."

"Precious little chance of that. And if you deal in mining shares, you must take risks."

"Right, Master, I will. Shall I sell my Indian mines?"

"Most decidedly not. Nor your Kaffirs; nor your West Australians."

"You're like the common or garden tipster. Ask ninety-nine out of a hundred, and they will tell you to keep what you have. It's hardly ever you are advised to sell. Why is that?"

"Easier for the tipster," was the shrewd reply. "It saves him trouble; he doesn't have to provide an alternative."

"We ought to have a newspaper of our own in the Stock Exchange. I believe it would pay all right. It's an old suggestion, of course——"

"What we want still more is our own bank and our own insurance company. If we had these, and if we were to cut out the half-commission stunt, the charges for brokerage could be reduced all round."

"Our scale is pretty high, don't you think?" said a broker.

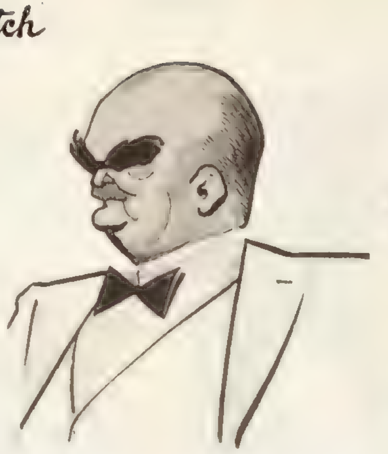
"It's not high when you compare it with the charges of lawyers or house-agents or auctioneers. But it will be cut down drastically after the present Committee have retired and been replaced by a younger generation. 'Holiday! Holiday!'"

"What's that shouting for?" asked Our Stroller.

"Calling out 'Holiday'? You heard the waiter ring the bell, didn't you? That was to give notice of a Committee meeting, so we sing out 'Holiday' to encourage them to give us one."

"What do you want holidays for?"

"Because we love to hear some of the newspapers lash themselves into a rage over it. That amuses us more than anything else the papers do."



MR. WALTER SHAKSPEARE *is Chairman of the Ceylon Tea Association and a director of the Travancore and Doloswella Tea Companies.*

LT.-COL. A. H. C. SUTHERLAND, C.B.E., M.C., *is a director of the Jetinga Valley Tea Company and the Dickwella Tea Company.*

"I often wish," said a jobber, "that we had a London evening paper nowadays like the *Globe* used to be. Or the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

"The *Westminster* was another good one. And the *St. James's Gazette*, too. I reckon that London deserves an evening paper such as they were."

"Maybe it will come," said an authorised clerk. "My father was telling me, only last night, about a——"

The broker had caught Our Stroller by one arm and was hustling him out of the view of a somewhat inquisitive waiter. "Take my jobbing-book and try to look professional," he urged in an undertone.

"What does a professional look like?" enquired his client good-humouredly.

"*Circumspice: circum*——Eh? Dog shares? Any better, are they?"

"I can't honestly say they are."

"Can you say so dishonestly, then?"

"Can't do that, either. See your way in Dogs?"

"The Government are supposed to be drafting a Bill that shall regulate the 'Tote'——"

"I heard——"

"You hear all sorts of things. And it's useless to believe any one of them. All you can do is to wait and see."

MR. GUY COLLIER *is Chairman and Managing Director of the International Tea Company.*

"That's not much consolation to people who hold Dog shares higher up. As I do, for one."

"As most of us do. More or less. If we don't, our clients or our relations have bought shares; so we are in it, more or less, as I have just said."

"Another matter of waiting, I suppose. I get tired——"

". . . never make out myself," Our Stroller overheard. "You hear these rumours repeated, but I have never been able to trace a single one to its source."

"Ever tried to?"

"Once I did. It was so hopeless that I gave it up after reading through about fifteen fellows on the trace."

"What rumour is worrying you now?"

"Oh, it's only this old one about Allsopp and Bass amalgamating."

"There's another one that hints at United Dairies taking over Cow and Gate."

"Can't believe either, you know. And yet you have a sort of feeling that there may be something in it. You can't tell."

"You can tell that brewery shares are a good market, and that they don't seem to have touched the top of their rise."

"We said the same thing about tea shares. But tea shares have come down, you know."

"Come down? Not far, in reality. Think of the rises they had! We shall see them up again——"

"The Five Pound Look. That's what Distillers have about them. Jerky sort of a market; but a fiver is my idea of what you'll see Distillers standing at before long."

"Sherry's the popular stuff to-day, isn't it? I'm told that there's more sherry being drunk now than there has been for half a century."

"Give me whisky——"

"Give me both——"

"That's the spirit. Come on: odd man pays. What, me again? Look here, you chaps, where does one buy those double-headed pennies?"

Friday, Feb. 16, 1934.

MR. R. GRAHAM *is Chairman of the Indian Tea Association (London) and an outstanding figure in Assam Tea.*

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN JACK'S DREAMS WALKING? "MR. WHITTINGTON."

1

2

3

4

1. *"MR. WHITTINGTON," at the London Hippodrome, gives MR. JACK BUCHANAN the opportunity of appearing in many characters. Here he is being transformed into a policeman in the "Pipes of P.C. Pan" number.*
2. *JACK BUCHANAN is here seen as the prospective candidate addressing a vast crowd through the "mike" in the Albert Hall. Lord Leatherhead (FRED EMNEY) is on the extreme left, and the trio seated are Betty (ELSIE RANDOLPH), Kenneth (WILLIAM KENDALL), and Ena (KATHLEEN GIBSON).*
3. *A most realistic representation of the finish of the Derby is staged by means of a cinema screen in the background. MR. JACK BUCHANAN is supposed to be on the winner.*
4. *Dick (JACK BUCHANAN) is on the right after dealing a K.O.; Sir Timothy Hawkins (ALFRED DRAYTON) is on his back; while Lord Leatherhead (FRED EMNEY) is seen counting him out. The girls are MISS KATHLEEN GIBSON and MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH.*
5. *Of course, Mr. Whittington's adventures are only dreams, but they give JACK BUCHANAN opportunities for the display of his powers! Here he is as the Derby winner's jockey.*

The PAGEANT PRODUCTION OF "ELIJAH" at the Albert Hall, in aid of St. Dunstan's and the National Birthday Trust Fund, was devised by Mr. T. C. Fairburn on the same lines as his "Hiawatha" pageant. Scenic effects including "real" fire, a very fiery chariot, and realistic rain were used. This scene shows the close of the Ballet to the well-known strains of the "Spring Song," with MME. MARKOVA in the centre of the corps-de-ballet. Jezebel (MARIA SANDRA) and Ahab (CUTHBERT REAVELEY) are watching. Elijah was sung by Harold Williams, Joseph Farrington, and Henry Gill alternatively.

The crowds were most effectively handled by Mr. T. C. Fairburn in his pageant production of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Mr. Albert Coates conducted.

ORATORIO INTO PAGEANT: "ELIJAH" WITH REAL FIRE AND BALLET.

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY BERTRAM PARK.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL UNITED KINGDOM.

LADY VIOLET PAKENHAM, sister of the Earl of Longford, will represent Britannia in the "PAGEANT OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES" at the British Industries Dinner Ball on Tuesday, February 27, in connection with the British Industries Fair. LADY MARGARET STEWART (left), second daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, will be Northern Ireland; LADY ANNE RHYS, daughter of the Marquess of Douro, is to be Wales; and the HON. JOANNA DOUGLAS (right), granddaughter of the Earl of Morton, will be Scotland.

"THE RIVALS," at the Ambassadors Theatre. Sir Lucius O'Trigger (PAUL FARRELL; left) points out to the misguided Bob Acres (FRANK CELLIER) from which end of the pistol he may expect trouble when Ensign Beverley appears. Bob has challenged Beverley by note of hand, but feels his valour sneaking away.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. NORMAN MACDERMOTT has made a welcome return to theatreland with his capital production of Mr. O'Casey's "WITHIN THE GATES," which had a rousing reception at the Royalty. Although even more spasmodic than the author's "Silver Tassie," it has the same streaks of genius, the same flight of poetic expression, the same tendency to sermonise and to flout the world in fiery tirades. In fact, it is not a play in the ordinary sense of the word, although it is dramatic, even melodramatic, in parts. I would rather call it an epos: "The tragic fate of a girl on the primrose path," illustrated by side-lights on humanity at large, its foibles and its affectations, its faults and its fallacies, its cants and its humbug.

The author, through one of the characters, proclaims that his purpose is to "get into touch with the common people," and he does it to the detriment of their superiors, from the all-too-mincing and unctuous bishop and his awful, hidebound, conventional sister to the big newspaper proprietors, who feed the crowd with the sensational stuff of rape, murder, etc. Mr. Sean O'Casey actually wages war on all the shams around us, and, although he often exaggerates—at any rate, in the language of his "*j'accuse*"—there is no gainsaying that more than once we feel as if a blow had driven a blush to our cheeks, rousing the consciousness of "*et tu, Brute.*" With a little more temperance in its wording, a little more co-ordination in form, a few "cuts" in Scene 3, this poetic-prose, allegorical picture of life could be raised to greatness. It reads magnificently, and on the stage there are tableaux that in word, conception, and effect are rousing.

In some instances the cast was equal to the subject-matter. Miss Marjorie Mars, as the girl, gave a simple, beautiful, heartfelt rendering of the wayward character; she never strained or exaggerated; she was a poor, pathetic little lamb strayed from the fold—a milestone in her career. The Bishop of Mr. Douglas Jefferies was dignified, but hardly unctuous enough—there is more in that part. Mr. Basil Bartlett as the "Dreamer" was the Utopian in his measured diction, but somewhat too dandified in attire and manner.

If Mr. George Shiels has not written a good play in the dramatic sense of the word, he has in "PAUL TWYNING," at the Little, at least created an excellent character-study that enables that splendid comedian, Mr. Arthur Sinclair, to illuminate the stage and our fancy with the searchlights of his wonderful humour. "Paul Twyning," who deservedly bears the title of the play of which he is the cynosure, is a kind of Scapin *à la* Molière; a rogue at heart with an air of *bonhomie*, he, a tramp-plasterer by trade, is a busybody with an irresistible urge to handle, manage, and muddle up other people's affairs. This leads to amusing situations between Mr. Fred O'Donovan, a rather mature but jolly wooer, and a little girl of the village, temporarily ousted from his affections by a cheeky widow "returned from America" with a reputed fortune, but actually an ex-cook as well as crook. The *chassez-croisez* and general interference of the young swain's tyrannical father and dishonest family is amusing enough in small doses, but, as the material is slender, Mr. Shiels spins and spins it out in idle palaver and repetition of comic situations which are more acceptable to provincial centres than the Metropolis. Fortunately, thanks to the spirited acting of Miss Maire O'Neill, the crook-cook; always diverting Miss Cathleen Drago, rich in her portrayal of a shifty publican's wife; and Messrs. George Dillon and Fred O'Donovan, the play moves with fair speed and elicits laughter by its delightful touches of Irish humour. But, when all is said, Mr. Arthur Sinclair is the master of the situation. He acts with exquisite finesse; no detail worth elaborating escapes him; he knows and represents the Hibernian character in qualities and foibles to perfection. Like Robey, he has but to raise a brow to make us roar.

"THE RIVALS" at the Ambassadors Theatre. Lydia Languish (LESLEY WAREING) is seen on the left, much embarrassing Jack Absolute (JACK LIVESEY), whom she takes to be Ensign Beverley, her clandestine thrill. Unknown to his father, Sir Anthony Absolute (BALIOL HOLLOWAY; right), Jack is, in point of fact, both personages. Mrs. Malaprop (LADY TREE; right centre) is in a state of bafflement and may ask for full perpendiculars at any moment. Sir Anthony, who goes off like a minute-gun, feels the minute has arrived.

Twelve years ago the Vilna Players came to London and made us all sit up; here was dramatic art *in excelsis*; exquisite team-work headed by two players, Asro and Alomis, to whom all the world was drama. Now the pair have come back, and shown us at the Scala (filled to the last place) how puissant their art is, single-handed, with no company to back them up. Sonia Alomis began with a soliloquy, the longest on record, outrunning Shakespeare and G. B. S. by a long head, a "valse triste" of a wandering soul refused admission in Paradise and in Hell. It is a kaleidoscope of intonations in the dim rays of a spot-light; to those who understand the Yiddish idiom it must be unspeakably moving; to us to whom it is alien it roused admiration and wonderment. For Alomis's voice is full of variety and pathos.

After that the other numbers of the programme became more accessible. First, a tragi-comic characterisation of a half-demented hungry beggar strayed in a school, who shows all the hallucinations, vagaries, tribulations, and tremulations of an unbalanced brain. Asro plays this with infinite introspection and finesse of voice and gesture; we literally behold the machinations of his fevered brain. In lighter vein is the duologue of Green Field, the wooing of a shy rabbit-student by a shrewd little country minx who plays Madame Potiphar to his Joseph, and at length unbolsters the bashful boy with the fervour of her kiss. A charming little idyll, acted by both in joyful comedy spirit. Every lover of the drama should go and see these renowned artists.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—"QUEEN OF HEARTS" (Lyceum). 2 and 7.30 daily.—"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"SPRING—1600" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

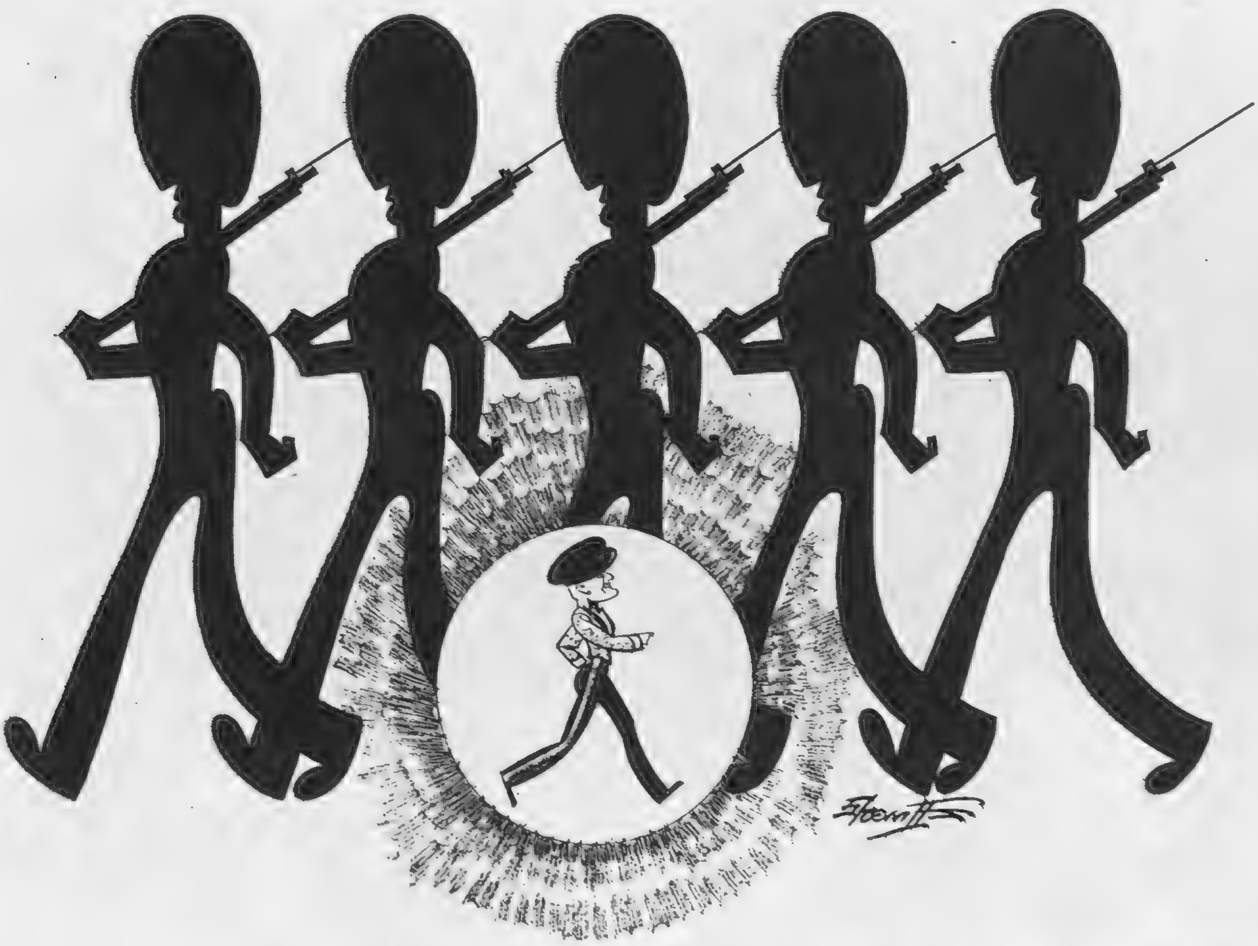
By MICHAEL ORME.

AFTER the dignity and sincerity of "I Was a Spy," that classic amongst spy films, it is perhaps inevitable that subsequent productions dealing with a similar subject will suffer in comparison. The latest variation of the formula is "SEALED LIPS" (at the Capitol), which, despite a tangled skein of espionage and counter-espionage, woven round the glamorous personality of Constance Bennett, who floats from night-club to hospital in unconvincing elegance, never enters into serious competition with its British prototype. The story deals with the love of a beautiful Russian agent—a rôle to which Miss Bennett lends sophistication and "sex-appeal"—for an officer in the Austrian Secret Service, and the stern conflict between love and duty when each discovers the identity of the other, concluding with a happy reunion *après la guerre.*

Of all the historical dramas treading so hard upon each other's heels these days, "QUEEN CHRISTINA," at the Empire, captures the fine flourish of the "royal romance" school most successfully. The picture is an example of entertaining, swashbuckling melodrama, taking the usual liberties with history, it is true, but justifying its colourful additions to plain fact by a story that catches and stirs the imagination, leaving no time for the captious to resent its sentimental deviations from the truth as it sweeps on from one well-found situation to another. History does not tell us that Queen Christina of Sweden, brought up from childhood more as a boy than as a girl, rode out into the wintry forest and there, a second Rosalind, found a handsome lover. Nor did we learn it was for the sake of this ardent Spaniard that she abdicated from her throne, handing it over to the cousin whom she would not marry. But it makes a jolly good story, in which the Spaniard is very dramatically removed from Christina's later wanderings by his death at the hands of a jealous rival. That being so, it is easy enough to accept this "heart interest" behind the Swedish Queen's renunciation of her crown, especially as it adds another facet to Greta Garbo's grand portrayal of the great Gustavus Adolphus's masterful daughter.

I use the word grand deliberately. The Swedish star handles this chapter of her country's history in the grand manner. She is every inch a queen, striding regally through the picture, dominating her bearded Ministers, and quelling by her majesty the angry citizens who have been stirred to revolt by her discarded favourite. She cuts a gallant figure in her mannish trappings, and invests the scene of her transformation into a woman ready to be wooed with delightful humour. I have never seen Greta Garbo to better advantage, more sure of herself or of the management of her deep and haunting voice. John Gilbert, restored to the Garbo as her screen-partner after five years, is well cast as the Spanish lover, a part that he plays with the requisite *panache.* Rouben Mamoulian's direction drives the action along at a fine pace, with spirited business out of doors, galloping horses and skimming sleighs, to balance the more leisurely affairs of the council chamber and the throne-room. He finds, too, in the austere beauty of the royal castle, the timbered interiors of wayside inns, and the snow-bound countryside, plenty of opportunity for impressive pictorial compositions and his favourite shadow-play. "Queen Christina," in short, is a strong piece of work, packed with popular appeal, and a triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's foremost star.

Miss Ann Harding seems ordained to deal with those emotional problems more particularly connected with the feminine sex, and "GALLANT LADY," at the New Gallery, does not attempt to break this tradition, for here once again the star tackles the theme of thwarted motherhood in a rôle admirably suited to her sensitive acting. The story covers five years in the life of Sally Wyndham, who has been left destitute with a fatherless child. Realising that it will be to the child's advantage, she agrees to its adoption by a wealthy couple, while she builds up a successful career for herself as an interior decorator. Years later she meets her boy accidentally, and determines to win him back. Although the final issue is somewhat complicated by the interpolation of "three strings to her bow"—a down-and-out doctor, an Italian Count, who sings with operatic fervour, and Phillip Lawrence, the man who adopted her child—it is hardly necessary to add that love and mother-love go hand in hand, so that Sally's problem solves itself. Mr. Clive Brook as the doctor strikes a note of cynical humour, while Mr. Otto Kruger plays Phillip Lawrence on conventional lines. Little Dickie Moore works hard as the child, and Miss Janet Beecher and Miss Betty Lawford give convincing sketches in a film in which emotion does not quite overrule reality and humour. The director, Gregory La Cava, has not only dovetailed the ramifications of the plot with exceptional neatness, but has devised settings which, in their polish and careful detail, fall pleasantly on the eye.



CICELY COURTNEIDGE IN VARIETY AT THE VICTORIA PALACE. The Soldiers of the King! Cicely Courtneidge and company, in a superb representation of the Horse Guards' Parade, insist, in a spirit at once martial, patriotic, and nerve-rending, that "There's Something About a Soldier." Between ourselves, this is an under-statement.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "LIEBELEI" (Academy).—"A NOUS LA LIBRETÊ" (Cinema House).—"LITTLE WOMEN" (Regal).—"THE INVISIBLE MAN" (Tivoli).—"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—"QUEEN CHRISTINA" (Empire).
FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING: "GALLANT LADY" (New Gallery).—"ANNA UND ELISABETH" (Cinema House).—"DUCK SOUP" (Carlton).
A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE: "SEALED LIPS" (Capitol).

THE DECORATIVE "QUEEN CHRISTINA" — AS CHILD AND RULER.

"QUEEN CHRISTINA," the latest historical picture, featuring Miss Greta Garbo as the famous woman ruler of Sweden, was produced last week at the Empire. A child actress, SUE COLLINS, plays the part of the Queen as a little girl. HER CORONATION yields this vastly impressive scene. Christina, it may be recalled, was born at Stockholm on December 8, 1626, only daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. She succeeded her father, who was killed at Lützen, in 1632, but a Regency exercised control until, having attained her majority, she assumed the government in December 1644. She was educated in as masculine a way as possible.

MISS GRETA GARBO is here seen as THE QUEEN WHO IS DETERMINED TO RULE. Her Ministers of State tell her that the people are angered by her friendship with the Spanish Ambassador—who was anathema to the Swedes, both as a foreigner and as a Catholic. She proudly tells them that she intends to rule as she sees best, and faces the angry mob in person. A striking study of Miss Greta Garbo as Queen Christina is reproduced on our front page.

A FIRST PRIZE AMATEUR CINÉ-PICTURE: "DRIFTWOOD."

"DRIFTWOOD" is a most dramatic amateur film produced by "Ace Movies" in the record time of seven weeks—in the basement of a chemist's shop in Streatham! It won first prize in the Club Story Film Section of the "Referee" National Ciné Contest and a championship award.

MISS PHYLLIS ROBERTSON, the amateur star, gave a splendid performance.

In this Café "still," the seated players are Mr. Ben Carleton, Mr. F. Sullivan (back view), Mr. Geoffrey Collyer, and Mr. F. Biggs.

Miss Robertson (left) plays the heroine who attracts another girl's beau. The other girl, Miss Freda Hale, is a witness for the prosecution in the murder trial "featured."

Mr. Frank Biggs plays "Flash." He is a leading amateur actor.

This striking "still" illustrates a dramatic moment. The effect was achieved with a spare wheel, as there was no room for a car in the "studio."

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

This is to be a season of blouses and jumpers, for they are playing a very prominent rôle in all the Paris Collections.

Printed artificial satin makes the charming little frilled model at the head of this page. The colourings are quite lovely, and the price is 45s. 9d. Its next-door neighbour is neatly tailored in crêpe suède, and is trimmed with rows of stitching and an embroidered motif. This costs 18s. 9d.

On the extreme right is another printed artificial satin blouse, with a flattering cowl neck and a deceptively slender waistline. It would be endlessly useful, and at three guineas is a really sound investment.

Immediately below it is a check shirt in "Surah" silk, with a tie, for 29s. 6d.; and at the foot of the page an exquisitely hand-worked crêpe-de-Chine jumper for the woman of generous proportions. This also costs three guineas, and, with the others, comes from Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, London, W.

February heralds the newest range in Bear Brand . . . 'MYTH' Chiffon Hosiery.
So fashionably fine yet so supremely sturdy. So exciting to the touch yet so dull to the eye.
They're becoming such a passion and a most emphatic fashion at 3/11 to 8/11 . . . soft chiffon heaven!

Bear Brand

CREPE **LUXURY** STOCKINGS

Paris is jealous because they are BRITISH MADE

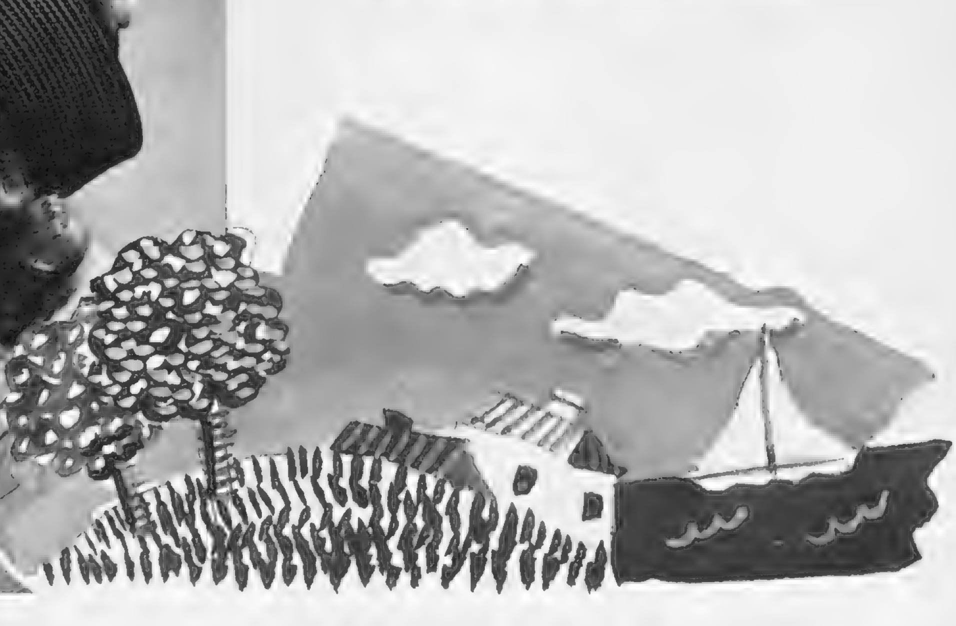
Made at Woolton by Howard Ford & Co., Ltd., of London and Liverpool

TO GREET THE FIRST WARM DAYS

One always feels that the winter is nearly over when new hats in straws and silks make their appearance. They are as welcome as the first spring flowers—and they have the same way of turning everything into a gay adventure.

On the left is an ingenuous little black satin hat, its upturned brim stitched with red and white, and its backward-sweeping crown surmounted by a red and white button. It costs 39s. 6d. at Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, London, W., is featherweight, and would be ideal for travelling.

At the head of the page is a black ballibuntal hat with a cleverly contrived brim which gives it an air of dignity that is in no way aging. Black and white wings sweep across the front of the crown, and it costs only 49s. 6d. This is the type of hat which Englishwomen wear to perfection, and for which Henry Heath has an unrivalled reputation.



Just the glowing colour of a garnet is caught in this fancy crêpe weave tweed suit from Burberrys in the Haymarket. The weave is extremely interesting, for it makes a subtle diamond pattern though no other shade is introduced.

Twisted black bar buttons provide the only contrast and accent the line of the wide plastron front, the neat military collar, the crossed belt, and the triangular folds at the top of the sleeves. Movement is given to the slender skirt by an inverted pleat, stitched half-way down at each side.

CARLTON STUDIOS

BARNABY STUDIOS.

Specially noted...

A weekly feature of outstanding interest in our Diary of Fashion

This stone-coloured suit checked in a pinky-beige, because it shows to perfection a silhouette that will be popular this spring. The half-length coat has the four pockets that are featured on so many of the new suits, and is trimmed with wooden buttons, the tiered cuffs, the curved revers, and the flamisol scarf being equally noteworthy. The skirt has pleats at each side, and the price is fourteen guineas at Harrods.

This spirited coat in a diagonally-striped, long-haired woollen fabric, because it is young, gay, and quite amazingly inexpensive. It costs five-and-a-half guineas at Harrods, of Knightsbridge, and is made in blue and white or beige and brown, to fit small and average figures. The frog fastening across the front of the waist and the wide flat collar with the pleated revers are fashion details of great importance.

"So lovely—AND

THEY LAST SO LONG—

D'YOU WONDER I'M

ARISTOC MINDED?"

4/11 5/11 6/11 8/11 10/6 12/6

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

Sole Distributors to the Trade:
W. L. ARBER LTD., *Portland House, 4 Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1*

HARVEY NICHOLS of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

IN Harvey Nichols' Blouse Department—probably the finest, and certainly the most noted in London—there's something for every hour of the day! Strictly tailored shirts, frilly feminine afternoon affairs, beautiful lamé dinner blouses . . . all designed and made with Harvey Nichols' unique style and distinction.

FASHION SPECIALISTS

A Copy of a Model!

WE think this blouse is particularly attractive because it has a very new fitting basque and because it's made of soft rose-petal lace, lined with georgette, in delicate shades of love-in-a-mist, flesh, beige or ivory. Sizes are 42, 44, 46. **59/6**

Blouse Dept. : First Floor

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

To Mr. Sinclair Lewis things are as important—perhaps more important—than persons. He treats his characters not as ends in themselves, but as illustrations of the development of America and American life. Anne Vickers typified the revolt of one section of American womanhood against wrongs, disabilities, and injustices suffered by the weaker sex, particularly in the matter of prison conditions. I thought Mr. Lewis over-stated his case. So violent was his indignation against the abuses of the system that he left one with the impression that criminals were the only deserving part of the community. Anyone who thought otherwise was a prig, and prig, as we know, is a term of disparagement that carries more obloquy than almost any other in the modern world.

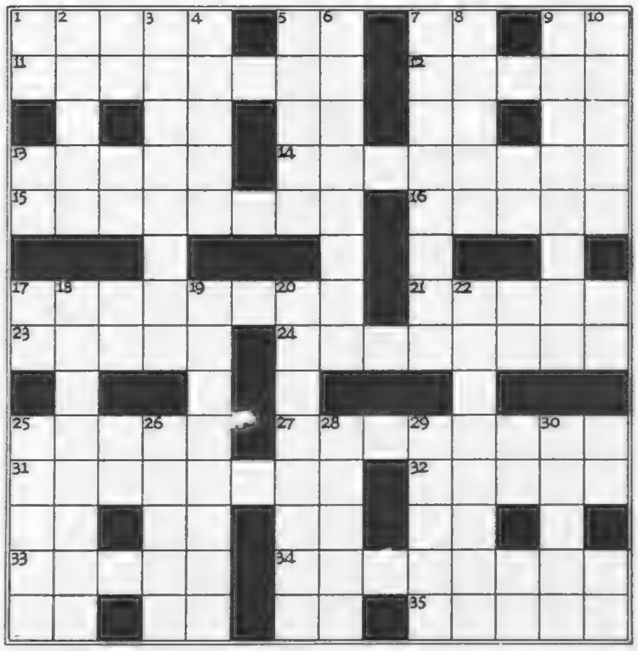
A Man of One Idea. Except in being more attractive, Myron does not differ greatly from the dozens of successful business men with whom American fiction has made us familiar. He is a man of one idea, a human being enormously simplified. Only once (when he is tempted to set fire to the Black Thread Inn) does he act out of character; otherwise he thinks and dreams solely in terms of hotels. Under his somewhat humdrum exterior he is an artist; whereas his brother Ora, who believed himself to be a genius, despised Myron as a Philistine and borrowed money from him, and acted with the total disregard of other people's feelings and convenience that is the mark of artists in books, is not an artist at all. Ora had no real vision or imagination; despite his pretensions, he was just an unscrupulous gold-digger: he owed his final success to luck and cunning. He makes a good foil to Myron, but both of them, regarded as human beings, are caricatures, caricatures done in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's best manner, with such vividness of portraiture that one sometimes believes them to be alive. But what really interests Mr. Sinclair Lewis is the art and business of hotel-keeping. It fascinates him almost as much as it fascinated Mr. Arnold Bennett, and he traces its development with a historian's enthusiasm—

"The higher professors of the Science of Hotel-Keeping were, in 1904, already pronouncing the thesis that a hotel clerk should be what was sweetly named a 'Greeter'; that he should bestow on every guest not only food and lodging, but a metaphysical blessing called 'Service'; that he should be at once the Little Brother and the Kind Uncle of everyone who registered—call them by name . . . advise them about theatres, get their letters especially mailed, look up their girls, and ask them tenderly about the Folks, illnesses, weather, and business conditions Back Home."

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Not too steep for an ass-to get by in, but steep enough. Pretty deep, this!
11. A well-trained dog could get through this backwards in two jumps. Now say it's nonsense!
12. This means to cause dismay, so keep on till you find a friend.
13. Softly now! My *forte* is keeping out of sight.
14. You can't be stumped like that, but this means something more.
15. When you come to this you'll be completely stuck. All you can do is to rearrange the load in the middle of the deck.
16. This kind of clue won't hold water, but it manages to hold ale somehow.
17. You will be able to get clothes turned before the ban is complete, but it is really illegitimate.
21. "My hat's on the side of my head!" Now, can you get over that?
23. This is easy enough when you know the ropes, but don't try to write poetry.
24. Very thin and brittle. You can be perfectly sure of the first half, but don't make too certain of the second!
25. This is only froth, so don't put it in as yet.
27. An arch-supporter of doubly musical make-up.
31. There's something in this to prevent you dropping a brick, so it must be of the right way of thinking.
32. Result of a roundabout chase, especially if it's your first day out!
33. You must turn more than one to get even with the other fellow, but sheep do it differently.
34. At this late hour there is not so much after the event as before.
35. This takes ages to start; yet, if you do so to it, you'll have nothing to show for it.



NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

DOWN.

2. This is a devil, but it's not likely to run off the rails.
3. Shows part of a leg and then dies. You'd wonder why they're so often kicked up.
4. May be described upside-down in the air, but there's usually some yarn about it right side up.
5. Put some beef into it and you won't notice the pain so much. It's poisonous, of course.
6. Mental exercise which hardly puts you [in mind of Henry VIII.
7. You expect a billiard-ball to be, but not the dog that bit you last night. It denotes a lack of hatmosphere.
8. If you can't go on it in Paris, you might in Berlin. See the effect it has on members of the House of Lords!
9. American mountains possessed by a certain type of burglar.
10. The street is all marble, but it has turned a vulgar colour.
18. This kind of road certainly does affect the rate, and the rail, too.
19. Gifts always are, but the bills for them are best paid.
20. When it's ready it will save you counting, but you'll need an expert to finish it off.
22. Helps some people to keep a roof over their heads. You'll have to put her last, but remember there's a hundred after that.
25. You must begin this, but unfortunately it won't last, and you have to get out in the middle.
26. Makes your flesh creep, so naturally no one likes being left on it.
28. Congratulate yourself; if it won't wash, turn it round and use the middle.
29. This will lead you a rare dance, but will soothe you if you feel sore.
30. Places of agreement, if the clutch doesn't turn out too fierce.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, February 26, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VI) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

"Work of Art." On at least one occasion in his new story, "Work of Art," he throws down the gauntlet to the conventional. He observes—

"The manager was a good-natured person, like so many who are engaged in catering to what is arbitrarily known as the vices."

But, on the whole, there is very little propaganda in the book. "Work of Art" is the story of an hotel-keeper. Myron Weagle (in later life he called himself Myron S. Weagle, because he felt naked without a second initial; but it stood for nothing) is a very pleasant fellow who enlists our sympathy from the first. All his aims, ambitions, and ideals were summed up in the business of hotel-keeping; it absorbed his whole being; it made of him a creative artist. The first two decades of the twentieth century were the Golden Age of hotel-keepers in America, and Myron, starting from the humblest beginnings, was soon on the way to the top of the tree. Prohibition proved a set-back, but only a temporary one. Myron's wife was a girl of no particular character—in fact, at first she was a liability rather than an asset; but family life did not occupy him much; his heart was in the hotels which, one after another, he directed, perfected, and left behind. The Black Thread Inn was his *chef d'œuvre*, the highest expression of his *hôtelier's* passion, a true work of art. It failed, and failed disastrously, though through no fault of Myron's; and for the rest of the story we see him picking up the pieces, remoulding his life on a rather different basis. He had never been a money-grubber, but now he cared even less for success: his ambition was satisfied with the realisation of his dream.

Arnold Bennett's passion for hotels and hotel-life was so single-hearted that it overpowered his critical faculty. A luxury hotel seemed to be his idea of Paradise; he regarded it with almost mystical veneration. Mr. Sinclair Lewis's attitude, as the quotation shows, was much more discriminating. Being by nature a satirist, he searches the hotel system for signs of human frailty. He finds them in plenty, and his book is never so amusing as when he is exposing them.

"Gentlemen, I Address You Privately." Miss Kay Boyle is a writer of talent, and it is a pity that she hides its light under the twin bushels of affectation and obscurity. The title of her new novel is an illustration of the first fault: what could be more affected than "Gentlemen, I Address You Privately"? And the whole book is an example of obscurity: without the help of the wrapper, one would hardly know what it was about. Even with the guidance of the explicit announcement, "this novel is a story of three Lesbians, two homosexuals, the keeper of a brothel," etc., one often goes astray. No doubt Miss Boyle, having chosen so unusual a theme, feels compelled to develop it by suggestion rather than by statement. Her indirect method is very successful in conveying the atmosphere of a

[Continued on page VIII.

A WOMAN'S position depends on her distinction, whilst her taste is judged by the clothes she wears. The reputation of Marshall & Snelgrove has ever been founded on these two qualities . . . . taste and distinction.

SPRING COATS for WALKING, CRUISING, & SPORTS WEAR

NO wonder that more and more women are making a habit of choosing their Coats at Marshall & Snelgrove's. The styles are extremely distinctive, and the prices are so inexpensive.

MARSHALL'S are noted for Coats, and the Department is now displaying delightful creations all destined for a Smart Spring Season.

Attractive Coat in soft woollen basket weave, especially suitable for a Cruising Shore Coat. Lined throughout crêpe to tone. In white and a good range of pastel shades. Price 6½ gns.

An inexpensive yet useful Coat for Sports or Cruise wear, in fine ribbed blanket cloth. In white and all the new Spring shades. Price 42/-

COAT SALON: GROUND FLOOR

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OXFORD STREET
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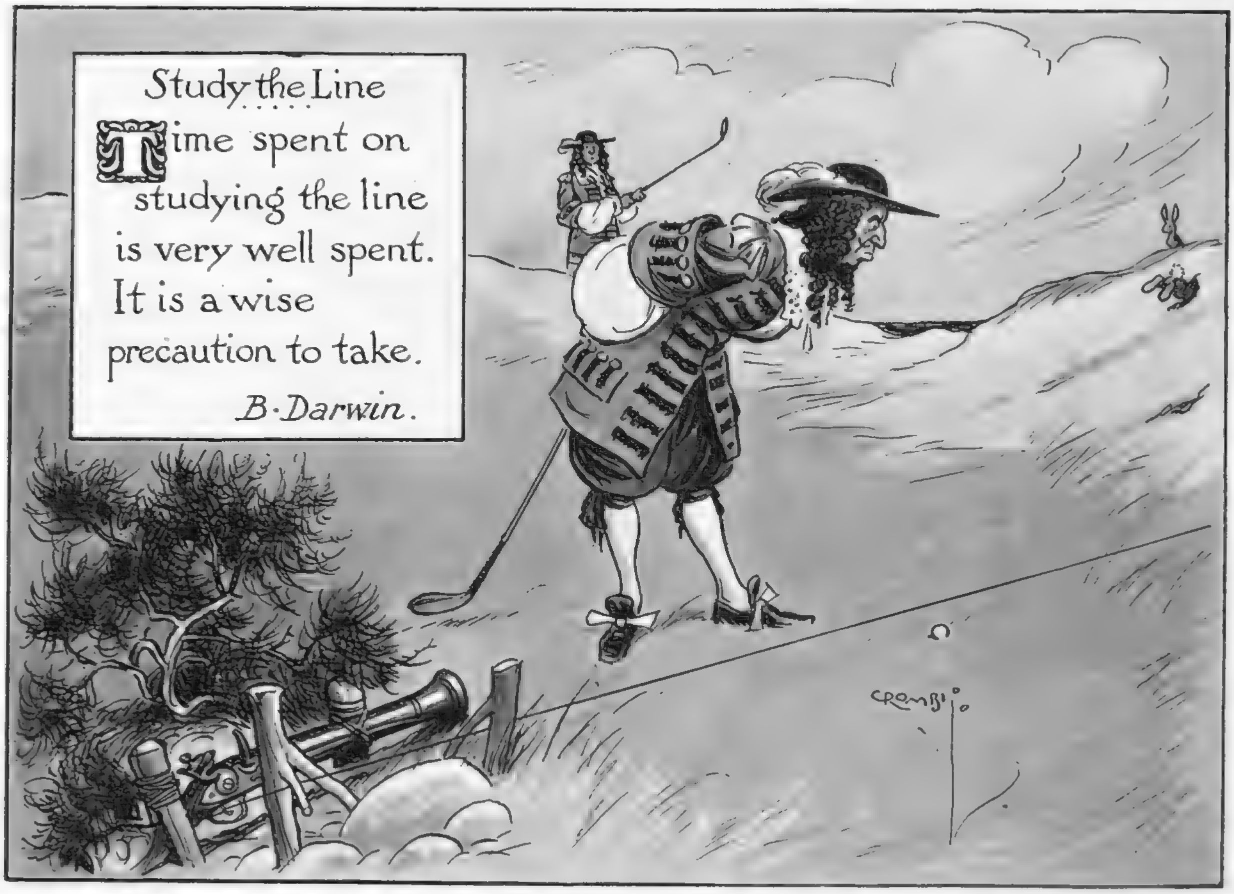


A GOLFING WISECRACK from the pen of Mr. Bernard Darwin is the subject for this illustration by Charles Crombie.
DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

imperceptibly on to the highest point, a broad upland from which lovely views of both sea and land lend enchantment to the scene. The site of the new first green I thought particularly happy—a natural amphitheatre which will make a hole equally good as a two or three shotter, and prepare the way for a very fine long one-shot hole, at the same time eliminating a long walk back to the next tee-ing ground. The rest of the course provides good variety in length and change of direction, and the 15th, 16th, and 17th holes are quite excellent. The greens, at present under a dressing of sharp, shelly sea-sand, look very promising. They putted truly, and will be delightful in the spring and summer. So here is the first lesson learned. That, with perseverance, keenness, and intelligence, difficult ground can be turned to really good account.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Devon Days. An invitation from a cousin, the daughter of that Robert Chambers who won the first official open amateur tournament over the Old Course of St. Andrews—a photograph of him making the winning putt on the home green heads the illustrations in H. S. C. Everard's "History of the Royal and Ancient Club"—took me recently to Torquay, where for three cloudless days I revelled in warm, life-giving sunshine. While there, an old friend who, like many another cricketer, has in his mellowing years been won over to golf, snatched me from my chair on a sunny terrace to sample two of the local courses, where during a couple of delightful rounds I laid the foundations of what I hope will prove four new friendships—always a pleasant experience—and learned two valuable lessons.

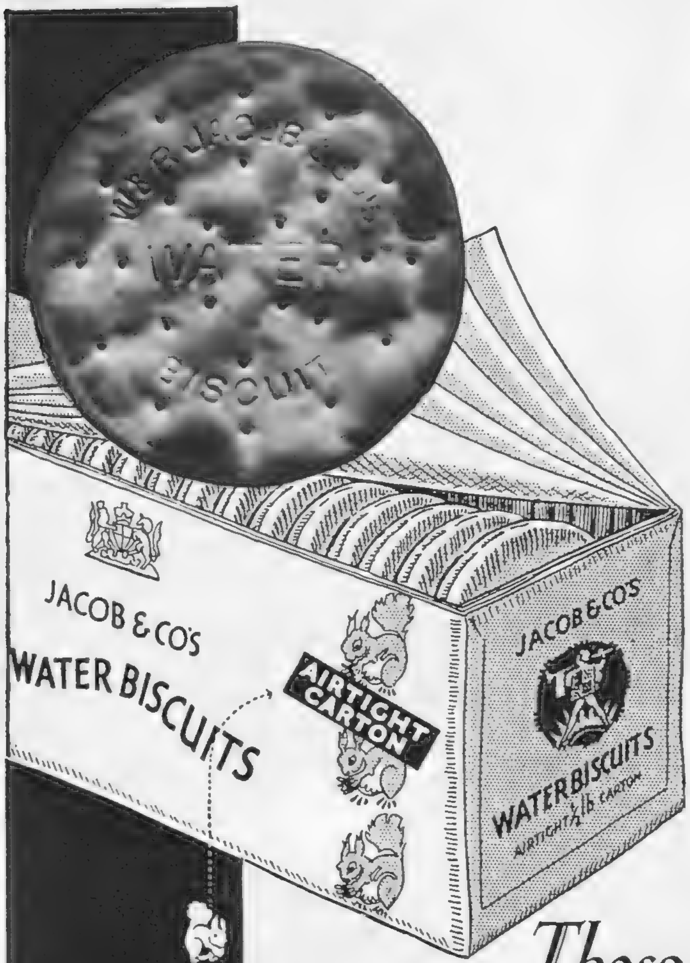
The Torbay Country Club. The first course I visited was that of the Torbay Country Club, the property of Cecil Singer, whose father built that wonderful house, copied from Le Petit Trianon at Versailles. The house is now the home of the Country Club, which not only provides its members with a glorious setting for the usual indoor social activities, but tennis courts galore, three excellent Badminton courts, and two of the best squash racquets courts I have seen. The golf-course, now the home of Tom Barber, is perched high above the Country Club and Paignton, and is laid out over boldly undulating ground. Here I learned one of the two lessons to which I have referred, and half of the other. At first sight the ground might well appear too *accidenté* for golf. That, indeed, was the opinion of Ted Ray. But the promoters refused to be down-charged. They wanted golf, and golf they meant to have. Accordingly the assistance of James Braid was secured, and he prepared the way for what I dare swear will turn out a most enjoyable and interesting test when the work now in progress is completed.

Clever Alterations. The alterations now in hand are being carried out by the secretary and another member, and very clever they are, for they will do away with two definite and therefore tedious climbs, and will lead players

Churston. The next day I journeyed a little further afield to the Churston Club. This is also proprietary, belonging to Lord Churston. Here the designer, Harry Colt, had an easier task than Braid, and he brought all his genius to the laying-out of a course that is worthy of the panorama it commands. The views from the Torbay course are fine; those at Churston are magnificent. For the greater part, Churston runs along a strip of downland close to the sea. It is a right-handed course, bounded on the landward side going out by woods. Coming home—the "turn" is at the 10th hole—it runs along the cliff edge for some time before turning away inland, and all the time there is a wonderful perspective of sea and headland to Torquay and Teignmouth far beyond. Of the holes, with such a designer there is naturally little to say, except that full use has been made of the natural features that abound. One, the 9th—a two-shotter, with a left-to-right dog-leg round a wood, and a lovely green that immediately called Gullane into my mind—is a gem, and the 10th, with its cross hazard in front of a green, perched at the end of the promontory, is a delight. Altogether, Torquay and Paignton are fortunate in having such really pleasant, interesting, yet different holiday golf at their command. I wonder if the inhabitants and the proprietors of the courses fully realise the fact. One visitor certainly does.

The Second Lesson. The other lesson I learned, partly at Torbay and partly at Churston, is that clubs really matter very little. I had come without any. Tom Barber, whom unfortunately I missed, left me a set, and so did Bower, of Churston. In each case I contented myself with six that "handled" inspiringly. Of Barber's set, a brassy and mashie, and of Bower's an old iron and a brass-bound wooden putter, so fascinated me that it was all I could do to leave them behind. Anyhow, for me, I played so much above my usual form that, to paraphrase and contradict Bob Acres, I came to the definite conclusion that "Clubs do *not* make a difference, Davy"—at least, so far as one's own set is concerned. I wonder if any of my readers have had a similar experience?

An Opportunity at Royal Mid-Surrey. When I was watching Cambridge win a good match against the club, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the captain, and Sidney Fry, one of the most distinguished members, told me that, as the ordinary membership list was now full, it had been decided to allow five-day members to join for an entrance fee of five guineas and an annual subscription of a like amount. A rare chance for those within reach of Royal Mid-Surrey who are lucky enough to be able to play during the week.



The new airtight carton consists of five wrappings, two of them heat-sealed. By this means, Jacob's Biscuits reach you in the very cream of condition, their flavour and crispness perfectly preserved.

Those old favourites in a quite new Airtight Carton . . . .

As everyone knows who really cares for cheese, Jacob's Water Biscuits are the one perfect accompaniment. There's something about their nutty flavour, their brittle crispness which tempts cheese to excel itself. And now Jacob's Water Biscuits come to you in the new airtight carton — as crisp as though you had just taken them from our ovens.

JACOB'S
WATER BISCUITS
HIGH BAKED OR ORDINARY

W. & R. Jacob & Co Ltd.

Harrods say 'OCELOT'

Distinction on distinction — smart coat, smart fur — we sketched these from the finest Coat Show in Town on Harrods First Floor

● A collar of Ocelot adds the final note of distinction to the Wool Cloth Coat shown above. Grooved revers and cuffs, and the amusing bamboo buttons are highly original features. Navy, Stone, Pastel Blue. Small and Average sizes GNS 7½

● Right, a Coat of Canvas Woollen has a deep collar of Ocelot shaped to stand away from the neck. The front of the skirt flares from the chic patch pockets. Maize, Navy, Natural. Small and Average sizes - - - GNS 13½

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

MOTOR DICTA

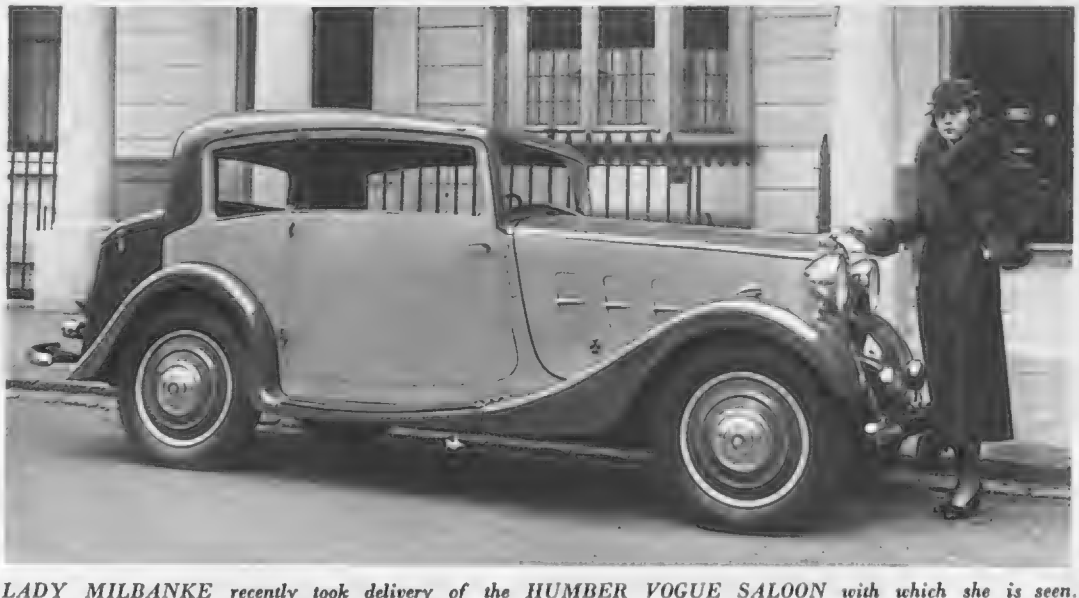
By H. E. SYMONS.

FORD'S OWN MOTOR SHOW.

WITH its usual delightful independence, the Ford Motor Company has just staged a magnificent exhibition of its own products at the City Hall, Manchester. The Ford people, it will be recalled, ran their own show at the Royal Albert Hall during the Olympia Motor Show week last autumn, and a very good show it was. The Manchester Exhibition last week was just as interesting and as practical. Pat Ryan and his band, the well-known North of England Orchestra, provided a musical programme every afternoon, while there was a free cinema show, including entirely new "talkie" films featuring Ford motor-cars, to say nothing of working demonstrations and a free competition in which the first prize was an 8-h.p. Ford saloon.

By staging this show at Manchester, the Ford Motor Company was able to exhibit publicly for the first time the New Ford V.8. Incredible though it may sound, the already wonderful acceleration of this car has been still further improved, thanks to the new dual carburetter and dual inlet manifolds. These ensure the even distribution of the mixture to all eight cylinders, giving more power than ever, together with greater smoothness and easier starting from cold, with increased fuel and oil economy.

The HON. BRIAN LEWIS, one of Britain's foremost racing drivers, has just taken delivery of his new "SPEED TWENTY" ALVIS SALOON. The photograph was taken at the Alvis Works, and shows him with MR. T. G. JOHN, M.I.C.E., M.I.N.A., Managing Director of the Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd. The Hon. Brian Lewis is the son of Lord and Lady Essendon.



LADY MILBANKE recently took delivery of the HUMBER VOGUE SALOON with which she is seen. The photograph was taken outside her house in Talbot Square. Lady Milbanke is the wife of Sir John Milbanke, Bt., and was formerly Lady Loughborough.

On top of all this the engine is always running under the best possible conditions, thanks to the new thermostatically controlled cooling system, which maintains the engine always at the best working temperature. Riding comfort, too, has been still further improved by a new suspension system, with wider and more flexible springs and shock-absorbers of new design. The latest V.8 Ford is available in six most attractive types, each in a big range of colour schemes. The two-door saloon de luxe costs only £255, and the four-door model costs £280—positively astounding value, when you come to think of it, for a really sound car capable of somewhere round 80 m.p.h.!

Needless to say, the 8-h.p. Ford (which so many people who already own a large car are now buying for use as "tenders") attracted as much attention as ever, its low price doubtless having something to do with it. The attractive saloon de luxe costs only £145, and the specification includes four doors and a sliding roof, dual screen-wipers, electric direction-indicators, combined rear mirror and clock, and metal spare-wheel cover. For £120 one gets the ordinary model, which is just as satisfactory, if less lavishly equipped. Needless to say, a gay note was struck by the brightly coloured sports models on the 8-h.p. chassis exhibited by Ford dealers. The well-known Ford "14" also attracted a good deal of attention, on account of the excellent value it represented; while other attractions at the Manchester Ford Show included demonstrations by mechanics from the Ford Works at Dagenham, and visitors were able to obtain details of novel arrangements being made for a series of daily excursions to Dagenham next summer, including a trip down the Thames from Westminster in a specially chartered motor-launch.

There is no doubt at all that the Ford people have got what may be termed "World Requirements" in motor-cars admirably "taped." This was made abundantly clear in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, when, of all the different makes of cars which went overland to Athens, the most difficult starting-point, the Fords needed the least attention before they were fit to start on the Rally proper. True, I did hear of one or two cases where the springs were strengthened, owing to the fact that, over the truly appalling Balkan roads, four heavy passengers, luggage, and several hundredweight of additional equipment, such as non-skid chains, shovels, and so on, were carried. But the adding of extra leaves, readily obtained from the Ford Depot near Athens, was a small matter compared to the extensive overhauls necessary on many much more expensive automobiles. It is significant also that the only large car to get through from Bucharest at all was a V.8 Ford, as its light weight and the fitting of skis to the front wheels enabled it to make good progress over the half-melted snow when heavier cars were becoming hopelessly stuck.

Ever since the days of the grand and glorious old Model "T," I have been a tremendous admirer of Ford products. To-day they may still be classed as among the wonders of the world, and this applies not only to the high-performance V.8, but to every product of the organisation, from the little 8-h.p. £120 saloon to the magnificent Lincoln seven-seater limousine, which does, as I have proved to my satisfaction, anything from 2 m.p.h. to 100 m.p.h. in perfect comfort, without any need for varying the tyre pressures or shock-absorbers, carburetter setting, or the type of sparking-plug used.

RECORD CAR SALES.

The Riley concern, I hear, has once again broken its own record for car sales, the output for last month being over 24 per cent. higher than that of January 1933. The previous record was established last March. It is interesting to note that 60 per cent. of the cars delivered were fitted with the new pre-selectagear transmission—a combination of the Wilson self-changing gear and the Newton automatic clutch. Over 50 per cent. of the cars were of the streamlined type which was pioneered by the Riley Company eighteen months ago, which goes to show that we are getting more and more "aerodynamically-minded," and getting quite used to cars shaped like airships. Who knows that this phase will not take us over into the "rear-engined" era, which, if the new German racing cars are anything to go by, is not as far distant as some of our more conservative manufacturers like to pretend?

HENRY HEATH LTD
105 · 107 · 109 · OXFORD ST., W.

BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

MODEL 6173 Stitched fur-felt trimmed contrast Petersham. All fashionable shades. *OBTAINABLE FROM ALL AGENTS.* **21/-**

COCOA DYED SQUIRREL!

A DELIGHTFUL COAT for early spring having all the appearance of dyed Ermine.

29 GNS.

Or 12 monthly payments of £2 : 15 : 1

Illustrated Catalogue of the newest ideas in Furs Post Free on request.

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FROM THE CHILDREN'S OWN FLOOR

Little Girls' Spring COATS

New Tailored Styles

. . by Debenhams

The Spring Booklet of Children's Specialities is in course of preparation and will be sent on request.

Tailored Coat in fine diagonal frieze, collar stitched in contrasting shades. In canary or blue. Sizes 20 to 26 ins. Size 20 ins. **89/6**
Rising 5/- each size.

Hat to match - - - 35/9

Attractive Coat for little girls in honeycomb weave; detachable collar and cuffs in biscuit pique, with coloured piping. In Turquoise Blue or Coral. Sizes 16 to 26 ins. Size 16 ins. **49/6**
Rising 5/- each size.

Hat to match - - 25/9

Tailored Coat of Welsh Tweed in broken check design with fitting back. In Green/Natural, or Blue/Natural. Sizes 20 to 28 ins. Size 20 ins. **6½ gns.**
Rising 10/6 each size.

Cap to match - - - 31/9

Jumper and skirt to wear with this coat. 20 ins. size - - - 69/6
Rising 5/- each size.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

HARVEY NICHOLS of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

NEW Parisian model hats find their way to Harvey Nichols almost as soon as they're born. The Model Hat Department will copy any one of them to fit you exactly—and so inexpensively that you'll probably end up by choosing two, or even more—and be glad you have!

FASHION SPECIALISTS

Spring comes in with Forget-me-nots!

GLOWING like rich silk, yet as soft and supple as the finest wool—this new Spring hat is made of neither! The material is a fascinating kind of woven straw, and it's wreathed with a gay, youthful band of starry-eyed forget-me-nots. You can choose it in black, navy or brown, and in a few spring-like colourings **63/=**

Model Hat Department—First Floor

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD.

Worth the Extra

The K. & P. Shirt is the dearest branded ready-for-wear shirt on the market—but is genuinely worth the extra price.

It is tailored cut and shaped to the figure. Has a special shaped yoke. Back is gathered, not pleated, to ensure freedom of shoulder movement. Three fittings to a size. Semi-stiff either T.T. or Polo collar without unsightly appearance of white backing.

The material is specially made for us by Messrs. David & John Anderson, Ltd., of Glasgow—the highest obtainable guarantee of quality and design.

We have equipped a new factory for the exclusive manufacture of the K. & P. Shirt, the last word in modern efficiency.

Frankly

The K&P Shirt

costs a little more—but

"Money cannot buy a better Shirt"

18/6

With two collars.

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FIGURE LINES . . .

YOUR figure can be perennially youthful if you are careful to select only Gossard fashion garments. Gossards are scientifically designed to restrain and redistribute flesh, moulding your figure to truly fashionable lines.

THIS HOOK-AROUND IS FOR THE AVERAGE TO HEAVY FIGURE. PEACH FIGURED BATISTE. SIZES 26 TO 36.

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The Brassiere is No. 1064 of lace and peach crepe de chine.

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A Beautiful Skin and Soft, White Hands

We have yet to bid farewell to wintry weather. There are treacherous days ahead . . . dangerous days—for your complexion. March winds and April showers mean reddened hands and roughened skin unless you guard against them by the use of Larola. Night and morning and whenever you are about to face the elements a little Larola rubbed upon face and arms and hands gives you complete protection and keeps chaps and skin-soreness at bay. And, fortunately, Larola is so easy to carry with you when you travel. In one easily packed bottle you have an emollient, powder base, and complexion milk—a complete compactum of invaluable beauty aids. Of course, you can easily replenish stocks, for Larola is everywhere obtainable. Ask your chemist to-day.

Write to address below for a copy of the interesting and informative booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," sent free.

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1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from

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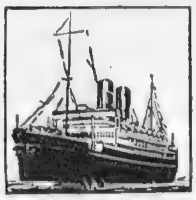
SPRING & SUMMER—1934

1st Class

By VICEROY OF INDIA. 20,000 tons.

	Days		From Gns.
June 30.	13	The Fjords, North Cape	20
July 14.	13	Copenhagen, Stockholm	20
July 28.	20	North Africa, Venice	36
Aug. 18.	23	Athens, the Greek Is.	40



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By STRATHNAVER or STRATHAIRD
22,500 tons.
13 or 14 days—from £12 or 1st Class £22.

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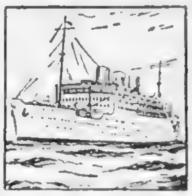

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By s.s. MONGOLIA or MOLDAVIA
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June 23.	13	The Northern Capitals	£12
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July 7.	13	Morocco, Madeira, etc.	£12

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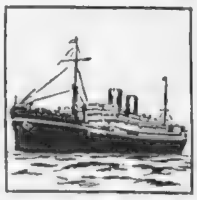

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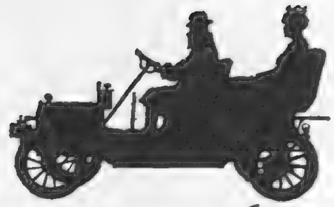
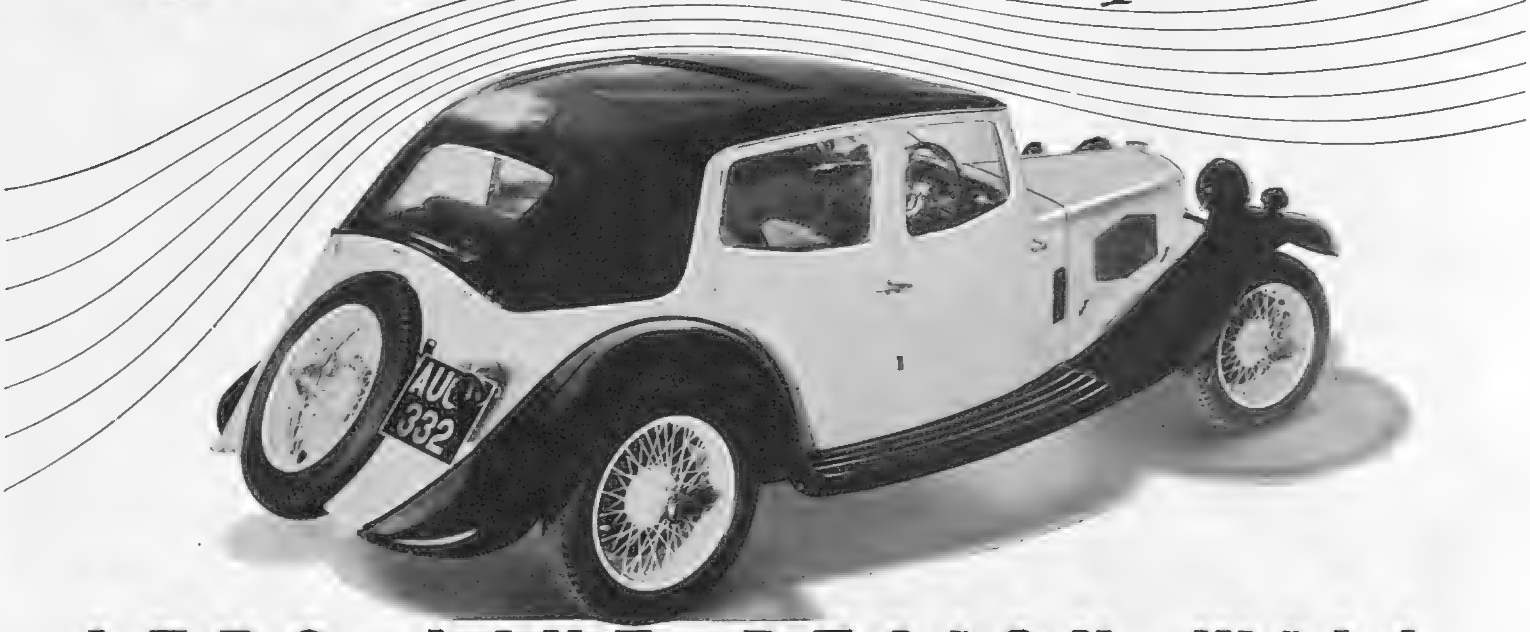
THREE STAR SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest Standard Blend

FIVE STAR OLD LIQUEUR
For very Special Occasions

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:—24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

It progressed from  to –but why stop there?



AERO-LINE DESIGN WILL REVOLUTIONISE PERFORMANCE

Pre-selectagear

is a form of transmission exclusive to Riley Cars, and is a combination of an automatic clutch and a pre-selective four-speed epicyclic gear-box. No other form of transmission offers so many advantages or is so acceptable to both novice or expert.

Motor cars started life as "horseless carriages"; the horse-and-cart complex has literally held them back ever since. Here, for the first time, is a specialised, homogeneous design based on aero-dynamic principles and true stream-lined form. Here is the first *aero-line* car in regular production—the Riley Kestrel!

Not only is wind resistance reduced to a minimum and appearance enhanced to its maximum, but aero-line design, plus Riley inter-axle seating, eliminates sway, jolting and improves road-holding and cornering to an astonishing degree.

If you want your car still to be modern in, say, two years' time, the Riley Kestrel is the ONLY car to buy now, and the only car of its type you CAN buy now.

The 9 h.p. Kestrel from £325. The 12 h.p. Kestrel from £358. The 14 h.p. Kestrel from £385. A ten-model range. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres standard. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry, and 42 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

KESTREL

First British *aero-lined* car in regular production

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

____

(See Page 352.) 21/2/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXLIII.

NO-TRUMP OR A SUIT?

SUPPOSE you pick up this good-looking hand—

A's hand.
SPADES—A, K, Q, x, x.
HEARTS—K, x.
CLUBS—A, Q, x.
DIAMONDS—K, Kn, x.

What would you declare? Spades, of course, without a second's thought: it is so obvious that spades should be bid! And so would ninety-nine per cent. of players: yet probably you would be wrong; according to Sir Derrick J. Wernher *definitely* you all would be wrong! And I agree with him! You should bid a no-trump, and here's why. No matter whether spades or no-trumps become the ultimate declaration, you (A) should play it. Therefore, bid no-trump at once *to make sure of reserving that play to yourself*!

Let us assume that you make the *obvious* opening—one spade. Your partner, if he can say anything, will make the *obvious* bid of one no-trump—at least, if not *obvious*, the most *likely* bid; and then, if it becomes clear that the hand will play more smoothly in no-trumps than in spades, you have now placed the declaration in the wrong hand! Exactly one second's thought will prove that this hand needs leading up to, and that its great strength should be hidden and *not* exposed on the table. This is a point missed by nearly all bridge-players—auction as well as contract players—the vast importance of having a hand led up to and not *through* at trick one, and the fate of, I dare say, at least ten per cent. of games depends on the luck of the first lead; this luck can be brought to favour declarant if he takes care to place the play of the hand correctly.

The fact of opening the bidding with no-trumps on this hand does not by any means assume that the hand will be played in no-trumps. More often than not it will be played in the suit; there is plenty of time, plenty of safe bidding scope, to gather information before deciding finally between these two declarations, but A, in case of accidents, must make certain of the no-trumper being played by himself; only if partner holds great length in hearts, or even in one of the minor suits, should A's hand be dummy.

Here, then, is another bridge maxim gone up: "Always bid a strong major suit in preference to no-trumps" won't do; common-sense contract-bidding proves otherwise—nor (see my notes last week) is this pure guess-work—it is another common-sense convention. I don't think this same consideration holds good at auction, for the simple reason that at that game there is no necessity for partner to shift or raise the original opening bid, and here is one of the very few cases where auction and contract bidding vary.

Now, listen: although on such a hand as the above undoubtedly no-trump should be bid, I would not have you run away with the idea that every strong hand should be bid no-trump; don't, whatever you do, get a no-trump complex, which is simply fatal at bridge—there is, in fact, no worse bridge disease, and partners who suffer from it just terrify me. It is odd, too, that these people who are "no-trump mad" will not allow a hand on which, from the bidding, no-trump is obviously the safer game to be played by their partner in no-trumps! No doubt remembering the many disasters resulting from their own "mad" no-trump bids, they prefer to soar into heights in a suit and come down with a crash! I would advise you to change the word "always" in the no-trump-cum-suit maxim into "as a rule," and then apply common card-sense!

(I am indebted to Sir Derrick J. Wernher's article in February's *Judge* for most of the above.)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, FEB. 14.

ACROSS.—1. Tea-chest. 10. Alpha. 11. Panorama. 12. Cleft. 13. Amok. 14. Stellar. 16. Easier. 18. Toll. 20. Athletics. 22. Whitebait. 24. Aces. 26. Pieman. 27. Abetted. 30. Peat. 32. Nails. 33. Perverse. 34. Caste. 35. Syllable.

DOWN.—2. Exact. 3. Annie. 4. Herald. 5. Samaritan. 6. Tram. 7. Package. 8. Specific. 9. Mattress. 15. Lilt. 17. Philately. 18. Twopence. 19. Likewise. 21. Tact. 23. Elapses. 25. Weevil. 28. Throb. 29. Easel. 31. Apes.

COMMANDER F. G. COCHRANE, 7, Amersham Road, Putney, S.W.15, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Feb. 7 to be first opened on Monday morning, Feb. 12. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to him.

"Debrett 1934" has made its appearance, and is on sale at its usual price of 75s. net. Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, the Editor, always writes an interesting preface. This year he has included a remarkable advertisement from the *Star* newspaper, published in 1808, calling attention to the fact that "Debrett's Peerage" was then on sale! "Debrett," as everyone knows, gives the names of the Peers, Baronets, and Knights of the United Kingdom and Ireland, together with complete lists of their children and collateral branches. The coats-of-arms of Peers; their forbears; their addresses and the official appointments which they hold or have held, are all to be found. Accuracy is another "Debrett" virtue, and it may well be imagined that Mr. A. G. M. Hesilrige has no light task to bring the volume up to date every year.

POSTPONING "OLD AGE..."

The Skin Rejuvenated from Within

A remarkable scientific discovery

WHEN a woman looks in her mirror and discovers the first sign of wrinkles or crow's feet it is, to her, a tragedy, for she instinctively feels she is growing old. Science, however, has shown us that wrinkles need not accompany age, and greater scientific advances have been made in this direction during the last few years than during any period of civilisation, though the desire to look young was always a naturally human attribute.

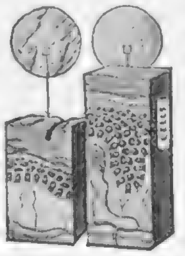
It is impossible to find a treatment for any malady until one has discovered the underlying cause, and in cosmetic therapy this is just as true as in other branches of medical science.

The world will always owe a great debt to Dr. J. F. Kapp, M.D. (Leipzig and New York), the famous dermatologist, for his untiring researches into the causes of the ageing of the human skin. After sixteen years of research, Dr. Kapp discovered a preparation which has the effect of rejuvenating and rebuilding the human skin just as is done by nature continually from infancy to about 30 years of age. It has been observed that the skin of persons of 30 years of age and upwards gradually atrophies and withers, so that lines and wrinkles make themselves apparent. It also becomes flabby and assumes a yellowish complexion.

It is in the counteraction of this natural ageing of the human skin that Dr. Kapp's preparation is so wonderfully effective. This preparation is now known to the general public as W-5 Brand Tablets. The rejuvenation of the skin from within, though a beauty treatment in the true sense, must not be confused with cosmetics, which can never do more than hide those defects which an unkind nature invariably bestows upon us as we grow older. W-5 Brand Tablets are an aid to nature; they work in a perfectly natural manner, through the blood, and nothing but lasting benefit can accrue from a course of this treatment.

W-5 Brand Tablets powerfully stimulate the repair of the epidermis by a constant renewal of the cells as in youth. By working in this biological way, lines and wrinkles are diminished in density until they disappear; the cheeks, once flabby, become firm; the skin becomes of finer texture and of better colour, and there are all the signs that youth has returned.

As a serious contribution to science, W-5 Brand Tablets have undergone the most exhaustive clinical tests by many celebrated doctors in all parts of the world, and the results of some of their researches are contained in a most interesting book that has been written around the subject of this new treatment. This book also contains many facts relating to the skin and its functions, and microscopic photographs of sections of the human skin, etc.



Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissues; cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 Brand Tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich, active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.

Because W-5 Brand Tablets cause an improvement in the blood supply, there is a general tonic effect in the whole system and an increased feeling of well-being.

W-5 Brand Tablets are already revolutionising the habits of women and men in their treatment and care of the skin, for these tablets produce an organic reconstruction, and not merely preservation of the skin. This is most certainly a treatment that is effective where it is employed over a suitable period. The rejuvenating process is gradual and depends upon the general health, receptivity, etc., of the patient.

Our readers will appreciate the fact that we are unable, in the space at our disposal, to deal adequately with the scientific side of so important a subject, but, if they will write to the Gelty Distributing Company, 158a, Oxford Street, London, W.1., a copy of the book mentioned above will be sent to them absolutely free. (Advt.)

Make OXO a matter of "COURSE"

BEEF at its BEST

9/33

DRY TICKLES

If you have a cold of ancient vintage, it is probably not worth your while at the moment to read this, though if your cold shows signs of turning to 'Flu, it probably is. We are talking rather to the optimist who has had hundreds of colds but still stubbornly thinks he will escape this time. Alas, one day there obtrudes upon our consciousness a little dry tickle at the back of the nose. We loudly say, "it is nought; it is nought"; we proceed with the ordinary routine of our public or private avocations; we write a letter to the "Times" on "The Habits of Stoats," or "The Toll of the Roads." But we know in our hearts that it is of no avail. Before nightfall we are sneezing and—oh, all the rest of it. Horrible!

It is at that precise moment that the wise man who has ordered from his chemist a 1/9d. bottle of QUINISAN TABLETS starts taking one every two hours. (Any chemist can get them for you promptly if he does not stock them.) The Reader of this—why, in Heaven's name, did the Victorian writers always call you "gentle"? Whereas, the Victorian Reader was usually an exceptionally pompous, humorless, and snotty person—where were we?—oh, yes, the angry Reader is possibly one of those exceptional cases on whom Quinisan has no effect.

But in most cases Quinisan will definitely stop a cold or Influenza quite dead, sometimes in a night, though sometimes it takes 24 and occasionally even 48 hours. Quinisan is not quackery. It is a recently-discovered Salt of Quinine—Quinine Bisalicylo-salicylate, and it does very often have a most remarkable effect. Try it, and please don't blame us if you are one of the rare exceptions who get no good out of the stuff, because to the majority it's a Godsend. Do you want to hear what Doctors (always called "eminent medical practitioners" in advertisements) say about it? Loud cries of "NO." If, however, you do, write to us and we will tell you.

HOWARDS & SONS, LTD.
(Est. 1797), **Ilford, London.**

This Easter—visit lovely MADEIRA

Under four days' comfortable journey from England. Lovely scenery in a dust-free Island where the sun shines all day long, where it's never cold and never too hot. All the year bathing. Casino and constant entertainments. Send card for brochure of the luxurious

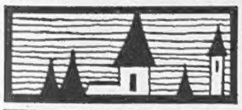
REID'S HOTEL

Bedrooms provided with hot and cold running water. Four first-class Tennis Courts. Private sea-bathing. Dancing indoors and out.

SPECIAL EASTER TOUR.

Holiday cruise at specially reduced rates by Union-Castle Line. Send for details and other arrangements to the London Agents:—

PARSONS & BIRKETT, 11-12 *Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3. Tel.: Royal 6127. Or all offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son., Ltd., or any Tourist or Travel Agency.*



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FIRST-CLASS CRUISING LINERS FROM LIVERPOOL

18 Days from 23 Gns.

Windows or Portholes in every Room. Passports not required.

MARCH 3rd TO CEUTA, BARCELONA, NAPLES, PALERMO AND LISBON

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March 24, March 29, and April 21 to SPAIN, PORTUGAL, MADEIRA, CANARY ISLANDS and MEDITERRANEAN,

Also Summer Cruises to MEDITERRANEAN, NORWAY, ATLANTIC ISLANDS, etc.

13 Days from 15 Gns.

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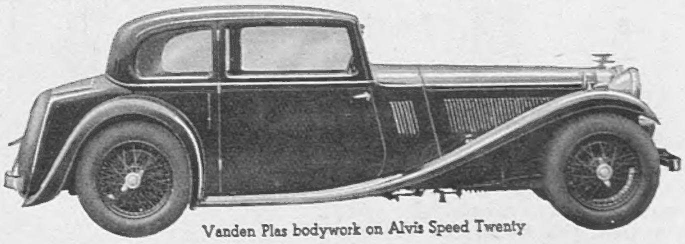

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Why fit "FLOAT-ON-AIR"?

An easily answered question. "Float-on-Air" pneumatic upholstery gives to any make of car, comfort more luxurious than you have ever known, more luxurious than you had ever hoped for. The weight of the user is gently supported with equal pressure at every point by a cushion of air which moulds itself to the shape of the user and completely absorbs all shocks and vibration.

LOW COST OF CONVERSION EACH SEAT CUSHION

	Front	Rear
Austin 10 - -	28/6	58/6
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Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat.

The better body builders find "Float-on-Air" the only upholstery which gives the final stamp of luxury to their productions. Messrs. Vanden Plas have used "Float-on-Air" in the bodywork of this Alvis Speed Twenty.

Insist on your new car being fitted with "Float-on-Air" or convert to comfort the upholstery of your present car.

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD · ARDWICK · MANCHESTER 12

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—(*Continued from Page 352.*)

northern French sea-port; but when she applies it to human beings whose peculiar *mœurs* demand more, rather than less, than the normal amount of comment and explanation, she leaves us bewildered. In the absence of visible, legible sign-posts, her hints and whispered, smothered directions lead us nowhere. The relationship of Ayton and Munday is fairly plain; the other characters affect us like fragments of an overheard conversation, tantalising and at times intelligible, to which the key is lost.

"Strap-Hangers." I did not enjoy "Strap-Hangers" as much as some novels by Miss Norah James. Strictly speaking, it is not a novel at all: the author introduces us to a dozen or so persons travelling into London by the Hampstead and Highgate Tube, and follows each to his or her destination. Their several stories, like subterranean rivers, disappear and reappear later on: they give Miss James ample scope for her extensive and peculiar knowledge of London life—the life of hospitals, shops, studios. Certain episodes—*e.g.*, Enid's adventure with the bag-snatcher—are extremely vivid and well told. Miss James writes generally with art, and always with simplicity. There are times in "Strap-Hangers," however, when the successive bald statements of what people thought and did grow a trifle monotonous—

"Benjamin had to go out that afternoon to see a man at St. Albans. He caught a Green Line bus and enjoyed the ride. It was a lovely afternoon and very hot. The speed at which the bus went sent a pleasant draught of air through the vehicle which fanned Benjamin's face pleasantly. He had a very satisfactory interview with the man in St. Albans, and after that he went into the Lyons in the High Street for a cup of tea. He still had half an hour to wait afterwards before he could get the bus back to London. . . ."

This passage gives a good impression of the agreeably relaxed state of Benjamin's mind, and heightens the effect of the bad news which awaits him at home; but I think it exhibits the drawbacks as well as the virtues of simplicity. Art need not always wear the buskin, but still, it should not go with quite such a pedestrian gait. However, "Strap-Hangers" is full of good things, and Miss James's love of human nature is a pure fount that irrigates everything she writes.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Work of Art. By Sinclair Lewis. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
Gentlemen, I Address You Privately. By Kay Boyle. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
Strap-Hangers. By Norah James. (*Duckworth; 7s. 6d.*)

The latest edition of "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, 1934" (30s. post free) is the sixtieth, and to celebrate this Diamond Jubilee of its publication a new section devoted to Hunting, has been included. In this, a list of all the staghounds and foxhounds in the United Kingdom and Ireland is given, together with the number of couples of hounds, location of kennels, name of Master, and particulars of subscription. Kelly's "Landed Gentry" has always been one of the most concise and useful of reference books, clearly printed, ranging over a wide field, yet not by any means bulky in size. The addition of a section devoted to Hunting increases both its scope and usefulness.

"Baily's Hunting Directory, 1933-34" (Vinton) is a standard work of reference and one of the indispensable volumes for the sportsman's library. This year the volume extends to about 600 pages, and includes brief histories and the latest data of 560 Hunts, comprising 221 Foxhound, 58 Harrier, 10 Staghound, 71 Foot Harrier and Beagle, 4 Basset, 19 Otter, and 14 Drag Hound packs in these islands, with 163 prominent packs in the Overseas, Colonial, and Foreign section. Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases, as usual, form an important section, while the Hunting Diary is a useful feature. The red cloth edition costs 10s. 6d., and the full red leather, 15s.

There are few more pleasant distractions for a bad day than planning a trip abroad. Those who enjoy this form of amusement can savour it to the full with the aid of the "South and East African Year Book and Guide for 1934," which is now on sale. This little book, which costs 2s. 6d., contains masses of useful and fascinating information in regard to South and East Africa. A new and copyright atlas by Messrs. Bartholomew and Sons, included in the new edition, may confidently claim to represent the high-water mark of British map-making.

More and more people who have been accustomed to go abroad for several months in the early part of the year are proving that it is no hardship to winter in England. Even if the winter is severe there are many places where its rigours will not be felt. Anybody who has seen the moors and downs of the West Country in the clear, sparkling light of a winter's day will remember them for ever. Many resorts there lie adjacent to high, open spaces, though they themselves are in a sheltered position. Pre-eminent among these is Torquay, with its enviable climatic reputation. Mr. S. P. B. Mais has written a delightful book on the various western towns and villages. Issued free by the Great Western Railway, it can be obtained from any of their offices and ticket agencies.

The NATURAL Facial Expression

IS destroyed by any skin flaw ranging from a mole to the pitiful sagging of the face, the neck, and the disfiguring puffiness and wrinkles around the eyes.

Here are a few facts about the Hystogen Method for making the face young and for the correction of facial blemishes:

1.—The Hystogen Method is approved by the Medical Profession of the world. Any Doctor can be present during the treatment of his patient if so desired.

2.—It is of National importance, because better looks improve the health and efficiency.

3.—The treatment is painless—absolutely harmless with lasting results.

4.—Nothing is changed in the character of the face; only elimination of the age marks takes place, restoring the natural expression and improving the personality.

5.—10,000 serious-minded men and women from all parts of the world have already benefited by the exceptional skill and experience of the originator of the Hystogen Method, who personally attends each case.

Ask for literature, call for a free consultation or send your own Doctor to investigate and advise you.

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"I can't Doctor, I've just had an 'Allenburys' Pastille"

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them

In tins:
2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

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Orient Hotel. —A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Fs. 55. Prop., L. Brunetti.

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NICE.

Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hôtel Adelphi, rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Terminus Hotel.— Facing Station. Full South. Quite up to date.

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Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front—Large Park—Golf Links—Tennis—Orchestra. Pension from 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—Former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

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Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5. 0. 0.

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BRONNLEY

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